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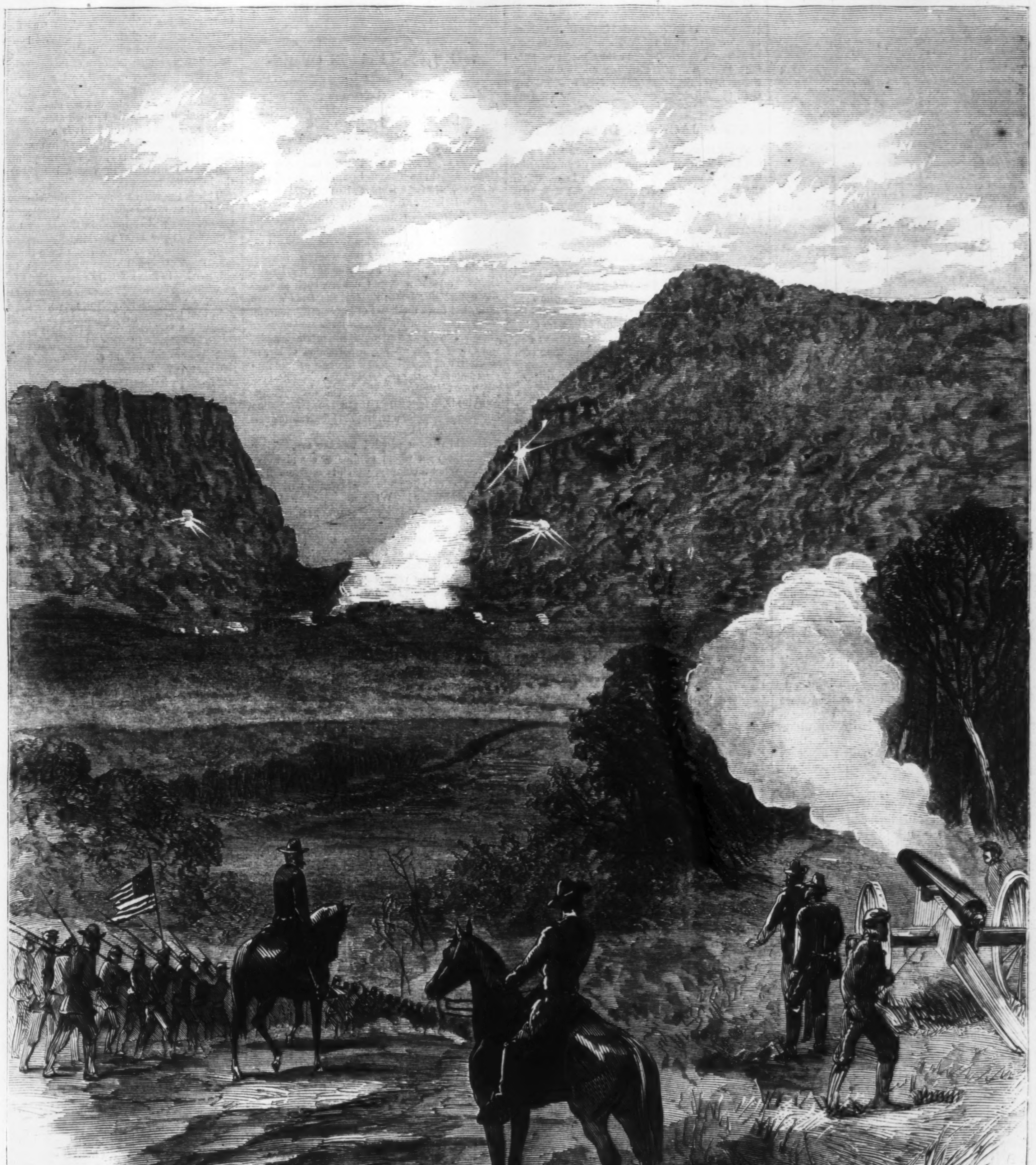


GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—BUZZARD'S ROOST PASS, GEORGIA.—[SEE PAGE 333.]

AT GETTYSBURG.

LIKE a furnace of fire blazed the midsummer sun
 When to saddle we leaped at the order,
Spurred on by the boom of the deep-throated gun
 That told of the foe on our border.
A mist in our rear lay Antietam's dark plain,
 And thoughts of its carnage came o'er us;
But smiling before us surged fields of ripe grain,
 And we swore none should reap it before us.

That night, with the ensign who rode by my side,
 On the camp's dreary edge I stood picket,
Our ears intent lest every wind-rustle should hide
 A spy's stealthy tread in the thicket;
And there, while we watched the first arrows of dawn
 Through the veil of the rising mist's quiver,
He told how the foeman had closed in upon
 His home by the Tennessee River.

He spoke of a sire in his weakness cut down,
 With last breath the traitor flag scorning
(And his brow at the mem'ry grew dark with a frown
 That paled the red light of the morning).
For days he had followed the cowardly band,
 And when one lagged to forage or trifle
Had seared in his forehead the deep Minie brand,
 And scored a fresh notch on his rifle.

"But *one* of the rangers had cheated his fate—
 For him he would search the world over."
Such cool-plotting passion, such keenness of hate,
 Ne'er saw I in woman-scorned lover.
O who would have thought that beneath those dark curls
 Lurked vengeance as sure as death-rattle;
Or fancied those dreamy eyes, soft as a girl's,
 Could light with the fury of battle?

To horse! pealed the bugle, while grape-shot and shell
 Overhead through the forest were crashing.
A cheer for the flag! and the summer light fell
 On the blades from a thousand sheaths flashing.
As mad ocean waves to the storm-revel flock,
 So on we dashed, heedless of dangers;
A moment our long line surged back at the shock,
 Then swept through the ranks of the Rangers.

I looked for our ensign—ahead of his troop,
 Pressing on through the conflict infernal,
His torn flag furled round him in festoon and loop,
 He spurred to the side of his Colonel.
And his clear voice rang out, as I saw his bright sword
 Through shako and gaudy plume shiver,
With "this for the last of the murderous horde!"
 And "this for the home by the river!"

At evening, returned from pursuit of the foe,
 By a shell-shattered caisson we found him;
And we buried him there in the sunset glow,
 With the dear old flag knotted around him.
Yet how could we mourn when every proud strain
 Told of foemen hurled back in disorder,
When we knew that the North reaped her rich harvest grain
 Unharmed by a foe on her border!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1864.

THE VICTORY.

THE earnestness with which the loyal people of this country are sustaining the war has been in nothing more signally shown than the sobriety with which the great news of GRANT's victory was received. Before he moved, every thing that was heard from the Army of the Potomac revealed a unity, an unselfishness, a hearty faith in the cause, a grave resolution to fight to the end, which prepared us for a campaign entirely unprecedented. "My ground of confidence," said one who returned from the head-quarters of GRANT a fortnight before he moved, "is in the moral as much as in the physical condition of the army."

In an hour like this comparisons are untimely and vain. We only know that the popular faith in the ultimate triumph of our cause—which no disaster, however grievous, has ever been fierce enough to shake—enables the country to contemplate its success without levity, but with a universal and sorrowful sympathy with the thousands of brave men whose dauntless constancy has saved human liberty, although it could not save themselves from bitter wounds; and with a lasting and regretful remembrance of the dead. The desperate contest upon the Rapidan, the shock of battle through two long summer days, shows upon both sides the qualities which will make the regenerated nation invincible. LEE and his rebels had every prestige in their favor. They stood upon ground which their valor had maintained against us for three years. They were intrenched upon the Rapidan, where they had defeated POPE. They were near Fredericksburg, from which BURNSIDE had been forced to retire. They were flanked by Chancellorsville, where they had worsted HOOKER. They had before them Gettysburg, from which they had retreated in good order, to recuperate; and Antietam, from which they had been allowed to retire. Far to their rear were the melancholy swamps of the Chickahominy, in which a noble army had been encamped so long within an easy possibility of victory, which had been surrendered with terrible disaster. All around them were the famous places of their triumphs or of their secure retreats. They were confronted with an army whose unwearied bravery they had tested, but which they knew lacked the prestige of success. They saw new toils spreading for them, but they confided in the past, and believed they could secure the future.

Against such men, with such advantages, General GRANT organized his army and laid his plans. He knew the key of the military position. The defeat of LEE was the essential blow that must be struck. First of all, therefore, General GRANT secured absolute unity of purpose among his Generals. He established that moral discipline which is the source of permanent strength in every army. He brought with him the personal inspiration of vast and continuous success. He assembled a host. He and his officers, filled with the profoundest conviction of the importance of victory, imparted it by all they did and by all they were to the men. And when March and April were passed, when the soft May sun announced steady weather, and all the elemental conditions were ripe, he gave the word to his faithful and indomitable ally, BUTLER, and the Union armies moved to a battle which they knew must be desperate, and which all men believed would be decisive.

The chapter of our history which opened on the 3d of May is not ended as these words are written. But the first week's work is of such augury that we have the right to hope for a success which should bring every true American to his knees in religious gratitude—a success which will be a victory for the people of every country, and will mark an epoch in the advance of civilization. The words of the President are echoed instinctively by the popular heart. "While what remains undone demands our most sincere prayers to and reliance upon Him (without whom all human effort is vain), I recommend that all patriots, at their homes, in their places of public worship, and wherever they may be, unite in common thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God."

TO A JACKSON DEMOCRAT.

A CALM and pleasant letter from "a Jackson Democrat" in Indiana, gives us an occasion to explain more fully our position in regard to the Presidency. Our correspondent says that he is one of the four hundred thousand War Democrats who have sustained Mr. Lincoln heartily, because he is the constitutional President and is trying to save the Government. But he complains that we, with many others, evince a *determination* to have Mr. Lincoln nominated at Baltimore, and that War Democrats have been rejected by Republican Conventions as delegates because they were not in favor of him as a candidate. Does not sound policy, he asks, require the formation of a new Union party; and if so, ought not the Baltimore candidate to be a War Democrat?

Since the appeal is made to us, we answer, frankly, that for ourselves we know no other party than the Union men: than the men, that is to say, who, before the war, belonged to all the parties, Democrats, Republicans, and Bell-Everett men, and who are now united in an unflinching and intelligent support of the policy of the Administration in conducting the war. It is for that very reason that we deprecate such an attitude as that of our correspondent. Are you a War Democrat or a Union man? If you are a War Democrat, what do you mean by it? If you are a Union man, why do you insist upon using a name which is not agreeable to other Union men who have not been Democrats? And what prevents the formation of a genuine Union party, except the refusal of gentlemen like you to renounce your old party name? The Union men who were lately Republicans do not call themselves War Republicans, or Republican Union, or Union Republican. They say truly that they are not Republicans, in a party sense, but that they are Union men. And they say as plainly as men can that they will support heartily any true Union man whom the Convention shall nominate. Why should not you do the same? Do you not see that your insistence upon recognition as a Democrat is entirely inadmissible, unless you recognize other Union men as Bell-Everetts, or Republicans, which is plainly absurd?

Therefore the call to the Baltimore Convention, although issued by a Committee appointed at Chicago by the Republican Convention in 1860, is perfectly free from the least party allusion. General DIX, Mr. DICKINSON, Governor BROUGH, Mr. EVERETT, General GRANT, or General BUTLER have no more reason to complain that they are not invited, because nothing is said of War Democrats, than Senators SUMNER, or SHERMAN, or LANE, or Speaker COLFAX have to make the same complaint because nothing is said in it of Republicans. General DIX, Governor BROUGH, Mr. EVERETT, and Senator SUMNER are invited as Union men. If they stand on any other platform they will, of course, not feel themselves summoned.

Now Union men may certainly have decided preferences among candidates. Our correspondent prefers General BUTLER. That General is a man whom the whole country honors. But we, for our parts, prefer Mr. LINCOLN; and we do so, not because he is a Republican, for he is not. He is simply a Union man, and the strongest opposition to him springs from those who were formerly Republicans. We prefer him because he has proved by his administration of public affairs, that he has the qualities, the sagacity, the fidelity, and the ability which seem to us essential to our final success; and he has the experience, which at this time must count for much. We do not say that other men have not the indispensable requirements; but we think that we see very plainly, making every allowance, that he has. And we put it to our friend whether it would not be extremely foolish in us to advocate his giving place to another man, who seems to us less desirable, merely because that other had been formerly a "Democrat?"

If the majority of Union men, at any primary meeting or convention in the land, have been formerly Republicans and are now in favor of Mr. LINCOLN's nomination, and send delegates to secure it, we can not see why our correspondent or any man, who is only a Unionist, should have any other than the common feeling of disappointment when we do not have our way. He may be very sure that the old Republican party will no more be revived than the old Democratic party; and if the Baltimore Convention shall nominate a candidate of Democratic antecedents, our friend will see the Union men who were Republicans working and voting for him just as earnestly as they expect, and have a right to expect, their late Democratic friends will work and vote for a candidate of Republican antecedents, should he be nominated.

Meanwhile our "determination" that Mr. LINCOLN shall be nominated is only a very profound conviction that it is best for the country that he should be.

THE HUMILIATION OF ENGLAND.

THE expulsion of GARIBALDI from England is the announcement to the world that the pleasure of LOUIS NAPOLEON is the policy of Great Britain. It has long been the proud boast of that country that it offered exile to the political refugees of every land. Tyrants and their victims. CHARLES TENTH, LOUIS PHILIPPE, DON MIGUEL, ROSAS, LEDRU ROLLIN, MAZZINI, LOUIS BLANC, METTERNICH, GALENGA — the escaped from the dungeons of Spandau, and Spielberg, and Siberia; the fugitives from the palaces of the Continent, she would receive them all, and the foreign hand that would seize them should fall paralyzed as it touched the British shore. And now comes a hero, such as does not appear in modern history, not from a dungeon, but from the heart of his countrymen and the confidence of his King, who is welcomed to England by the great multitude of the people, from the poorest weaver in a London cellar, to whom the name of GARIBALDI has a certain music of hope, to the Prince of Wales. The people, the Government, the town, the country, conspire in the greeting; the nation salutes him; his foot is raised for a triumphal progress through the summer land.

Behold what a people! was the cry. They salute the man whom nations love and kings hate. What a country, which is so strong that feasts GARIBALDI, and sits at council with Austria and France! What a——, when LOUIS NAPOLEON says quietly, "GARIBALDI must go;" and LOUIS NAPOLEON is obeyed! He does not prevent his coming. He does not whisper dissent to keep him at Caprera. No, for he will have the humiliation utter and overwhelming. He waits for the very crowning moment of the English enthusiasm and delight in their guest, and then orders England to expel him, and England obeys! So grievous a humiliation has not befallen so proud a State since JAMES SECOND's prostitution to LOUIS FOURTEENTH. CARLYLE's picture of the posture of England during the Continental wars of the last century is not flattering, but it shows nothing so sad as this. It is the most melancholy confirmation of KINGLAKE's picture of English submission to the same man in the Crimean war. It suggests the impotence of England and the ascendency of France more than any contemporary event.

In one of its very able articles the London *Spectator*, a liberal and sagacious journal, frankly admits that "for the present there is nothing for it but alliance as hearty as common interests can make it between Great Britain and France." Alliance—yes; but upon such terms? alliance upon condition that lips warm with welcoming a national guest shall quiver into whispering "Please go; he says you must not stay." What makes it worse is, that the same article confesses that there is no diminution of the ancient jealousy and the ancient fear. "England was and is armed against France, and France alone." Put this sentence with the other we have just quoted, and what a condition of things it reveals! Surely when it is known that GARIBALDI went not because he was ill, not because his physician said he must go, as Lord PALMERSTON declared, who, two years ago, declared that there might be war with this country when for a fortnight he had had Mr. SEWARD's disclaimer in his pocket, but because the French Emperor ordered Lord PALMERSTON to order him away, there will either be a popular tempest which will whirl the present ministry from power, or Great Britain deliberately accepts the post of French lackey.

PICTURE PREACHING.

IN the Gallery of the Metropolitan Fair there was a very striking and painful picture of "The Last Day of the Guillotine." It represents a huge room in the Conciergerie or some other of the prisons of Paris swarming with the victims of the terror. Of gentle and refined aspect, most of them, dressed in the fashion of the time made familiar to us by the portraits of MARIE ANTOINETTE and CHARLOTTE CORDAY, the crowd sits or stands, cowed and shuddering, while a wretch, who seems the very incarnation of the hideous ferocity of the Revolution, has climbed a column, and, elevated above the heads of the crowd, points leeringly at a woman whose name he calls, to join the melancholy procession to the scaffold which is seen in the corridor passing the grated door. The victim has half risen from her seat, clasping her hands, but without turning her head, while her lover sits not far away, mute, motionless, frozen with horror.

It is one of the most tragical pictures ever painted. At the first glance it seems too great an outrage upon human nature to perpetuate a moment so terrible. But after a little while the real justification of the work is apparent in the utter loathing which seizes the mind of the spirit from which such atrocities spring. A thousand-fold more fervent than the most eloquent description or denunciation the picture exposes the true character of the great crime, and helps to explain the profound indignation which thrilled the world at that time, and has made the very words French Revolution synonymous with the most revolting inhumanity. The student who in reading the English history of that period is disposed to quarrel with PITT's coercive domestic policy, no longer wonders as he contemplates this palpitating scene, at the wide and willing support that policy received from the British people. What sacrifice was not cheap, he asks, that tended to keep the English annals unstained by such crime as this? It is a terrible picture. It represents unalleviated human suffering. But its moral is clear, and the pain it occasions is justified by the lesson it teaches and the influence it exerts.

This is the reply we make to the friendly expostulations we receive upon the publication of such cuts as will be found in this paper to-day. They depict the most shocking barbarities, the bloodiest crimes. "How can I take the paper home? How can I show such things to my children? Is this a family paper, if you curdle us with such horrors?" are the questions asked, and in a kindly spirit. But may not the children well be taught the character of the enemy with which their fathers and brothers are struggling, and the spirit of the barbarism which is seeking to overthrow the Government, and ruin the country? The earlier they learn it, the stronger the impression will be, the better and truer Americans they will become. Our paper is and ought to be a vivid history of the time, and it can not avoid the tragical details. And for every child who may be grieved by the spectacle of this suffering and crime, how many a manly heart will be strengthened with a wholesome detestation of the infamy of this rebellion and the means to which it naturally resorts! A hundred descriptions of the massacres of our faithful soldiers will not strike home so deeply as a vivid picture of them. This little sheet goes into a thousand homes, and into the camps of the army, from the ocean to the prairies. To the quiet home circle it reveals with sad emphasis the perils which brave men confront and endure to secure the happiness of those homes. To the camp it brings a living witness of the constant sympathy and care which follow the fortunes of the soldier, when they are tragical as well as picturesque. Perhaps in some such considerations our friends who differ may find a little justification for strengthening the public nerve as well as pleasing the public heart.

GENERAL WADSWORTH.

OUR victory is costly. We all knew it would be. None knew it more certainly than General WADSWORTH, and none was more willing than he that the price should be paid. The story of his public service is simple. He early saw the danger that threatened the country. Before the first shot was fired, he knew that war had begun in the country between the principles of despotism and democracy. He devoted his time, his influence, his means, every power he had, to the sacred duty of arousing the public mind, and standing fast for the great original principles of the Government. As the crisis approached he went to the Peace Congress, and did willingly all that a man and an American could honorably do. When the smoke of the opening battle cleared he was seen in the van of the brave men who hastened to the front, wishing only to serve his country and her cause. Personal ambition, self-seeking of every kind he put aside as naturally as every other dishonor. An aid to the young M'DOWELL at Bull Run, General of a Division at the Wilderness, his heart beat and his hand struck for the same object, the true welfare of his fellow-men.

In the midst of the war, solicited to stand in another post of duty not less important than the purely military one he held, he became a candidate for Governor of New York, upon the simple issue of unconditional maintenance of the Government and Union. He frankly expressed his views of public affairs in a letter full of sagacity and earnestness. He was not elected, and remained in the field. He was not elected; but his memory will be precious and sacred to the people of his State and of the country when that of many Governors will be forgotten or recalled with shame.

Brave, courteous, and gentle; beloved by his neighbors, and friends, and all who knew him; busied to the last moment before the march in caring for the comfort of his soldiers, he is seen next, and for the last time, his noble gray head bared in the bright May sunshine, leading those soldiers into the fiery storm of battle, and falling, shot through the brain. So they die, the old and young together. So, with infinite sorrow to a thousand hearts, all over the land, on the shore, among the hills, in the wilderness, the heroic blood is poured out which shall baptize into the faith and love of liberty the nation which it saves.

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

MANY excellent ladies in Washington and elsewhere propose a general movement to dispense with superfluities and luxuries in order to reduce unnecessary importation and the price of the necessaries of life. The members of the society in Washington pledge themselves to use "no imported article of apparel" for three years. As a sign of earnest devotion and patriotism this is most welcome. It springs naturally from a profound conviction of the vital significance of the war; and if the spirit it evinces had been universal from the beginning of the rebellion we should to-day have many millions of dollars for actual use that have been squandered upon the vainest display. It has always been a question whether, while the war has raged at a distance from our own homes, we have felt seriously enough the necessity of individual sacrifice, and the success of this movement will be a kind of test of national earnestness.

We hope that so good an intention will not be marred by any folly in the fulfillment, and that a purely voluntary assent to the sacrifice will be the sole test of its reality and value. There was a disposition, when the subscriptions to the great Fair were collecting, to whip in certain classes of persons and employments. The hotel keepers were stigmatized, we remember, as not having contributed to the fund. But the whole significance of the vast sum realized was that it was a free gift. With what pleasure could a compulsory contribution, a forced loan, have been regarded? It would then have been no indication whatever of real sympathy. So in the present case, if there should be any moral coercion applied, there may be money saved, indeed, but there will be no sign of a free will to save money; and that free will is the important thing, because that shows the spirit which makes the saving of money serviceable to the cause.

The movement has been formally begun by women, but it is one in which we all have a common interest, and with which every truly loyal person will wish to conspire. The poor are doubly pinched by the large prices consequent upon the wild speculation which always accompanies great wars. Let us remember that charity, to others, to our country, and to ourselves, begins at home.

REV. DR. M'CLINTOCK.

ONE of our most valiant and faithful champions in Europe since the war began was the Rev. Dr. M'CLINTOCK, who has lately returned home, and will hereafter occupy the pulpit of *St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church*, corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, every Sunday morning. He lost no proper occasion while abroad to vindicate the cause of his country, and his sagacity and ability have been of signal service. Of his general work the *Christian World* thus speaks:

"Dr. M'CLINTOCK has done a most glorious work for the cause of Christ during his residence in Paris. Through his able and efficient labors the Chapel has been entirely self-sustaining; nor have his labors been confined to the duties which devolved upon him in connection with the Chapel. The Doctor is a noble-hearted Christian patriot, and his labors have been untiring for the welfare of his country. Two years since he went to London to attend the anniversaries, and there, like our friend Mr. BEECHER, nobly battled for the right. Through his influence and speeches the great body of the Wesleyans in England have been our firm and steadfast friends."

WILLIAM SIDNEY THAYER.

MR. THAYER, late Consul-General of the United States in Egypt, died at Alexandria on the 10th of April—an event which we record with sincere regret in the columns of this paper, to which he had been a contributor. He had been long in feeble health, but he had youth and hope upon his side, and his friends trusted that an entire change of climate and occupation might work also an entire change of health. But profoundly interested in his important duties as a foreign representative of his country, thoroughly in sympathy with the great cause for which we are struggling, he could hardly give mind or body the absolute needful rest. Even the soft touch of Egypt could not heal him; and at the age of thirty-four the modest, genial, energetic, accomplished man dies at his post, and dies leaving no one who ever knew him who will not long and deeply regret his loss.

ALL HAIL, OHIO!

ONE of the most striking and significant facts of the times is, that upon the late call of Governor BROUGH for thirty thousand men, the State of Ohio responded by putting *forty thousand men into camp in three days*. SHERMAN's army now moving into Georgia "commits its lines of communication and supply to the men now mustering in the Northwest," says a Cincinnati paper; and it is supposed that SHERMAN will be stronger by twenty thousand veterans than if the call had not been made, or rather if it had not been so grandly answered. How faithful Ohio was to the glorious cause her majority against Vallandigham last year showed. How true and steady the Buckeye State *is*, this sudden rising of her noblest citizens proves.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*May* 4. The resolutions of Mr. Sherman came up as the special order—that a quorum of the Senate consists of a majority of the Senators duly chosen; that if a majority of the Presidential electors, duly appointed and qualified, vote for one person, he is the President: that if the election of President devolves upon the House of Representatives, and the votes of a majority of the States represented in the House be cast for one person, he is the President. After discussion, they were adopted, 26 to 11.——*May* 5. Mr. Chandler reported a bill to prevent smuggling, which provides that after the 1st day of August next all baggage and effects of passengers, and all other articles coming into the United States from any foreign country, shall be inspected, and if any dutiable articles shall be found, the trunk, valise, or other envelope, shall be confiscated.—Mr. Collamer reported back the House bill to establish an ocean mail steamship service between the United States and Brazil, with amendments relating to the details of the contract with steamship owners, which were adopted.—Mr. Ward presented a bill to amend the act to enable the people of Nevada to form a State government and constitution. It provides for holding an election for the adoption of the constitution on the first Wednesday in September, instead of the first Tuesday in October. It was passed.—Mr. Wade made a report from the Committee on the Conduct of the War, accompanied by the evidence, in relation to the capture of Fort Pillow, and moved that 25,000 copies be printed for the use of the Senate. Adopted.—Mr. Sumner moved a substitute for the Finance Committee's amendment to the Bank bill. It provides that every Association shall pay to the United States a duty of one per cent. upon its circulation, one half of one per cent. on its deposits, one half per cent. on its capital stock above the amount invested in United States bonds, each half year after January, 1864.——*May* 6. The bill to amend an act entitled an act to promote the progress of useful arts, granting six months extension to patentees in which to pay their fee, was passed.—The bill to amend the Charter of Washington City was called up by Mr. Dixon, with an amendment compelling the registration of colored citizens. Mr. Cowan moved to insert the word "white" as a qualification for voters. Debate ensued on the amendment until the expiration of the morning hour.—The National Currency bill was taken up, and the amendment offered by Mr. Sumner, increasing the tax on the circulation and deposits and capital stock was rejected by a vote of 24 to 11. An amendment establishing Clearing-Houses at New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, at a rate of discount of not exceeding one quarter of one per cent., was adopted.——*May* 7. Mr. Ramsay introduced a bill making an additional grant of land to aid in constructing a railroad from St. Paul to a point between Big Stone Lake and the mouth of the Sioux Wood River.—A resolution of Mr. Hale, calling upon the Secretary of the Navy for a copy of the record of the Wilkes Court-martial was adopted.——*May* 9. The bill for the erection of a branch mint at Philadelphia was passed.—Mr. Howard reported a substitute for the Pacific Railroad Bill.—The Senate considered the Bank Bill at length, but little or no progress was made. An amendment by Mr. Doolittle, to keep the circulation of the banks within certain bounds, was voted down.—Mr. Wade, of Ohio, from the Committee on the Conduct of the War, made a report in reference to the returned prisoners at Baltimore and Annapolis.—Mr. Collamer then read a dispatch from the Secretary of War, announcing a victory by General Grant, when the Senate adjourned.——*May* 10. There was very little business done of an important character, save the passage of the National Bank Bill in an amended form, which sends it back to the House for concurrence.—The bill to prevent smuggling was passed.—The bill organizing the veteran volunteer engineers of the Army of the Cumberland was also passed.

HOUSE.—*May* 4. The Fortification Appropriation bill was passed, with amendments for repairs at Great Brewster, Lovell's, and Deer islands, in Boston Harbor, appropriating $50,000 therefor, and for repairs to the sea-wall at Buffalo $37,500.—The House resumed the consideration of the bill guaranteeing a republican government to rebellious States. After a long discussion the bill was passed; yeas 73, nays 59. The bill provides for the appointment of provisional governors, and as soon as the military resistance shall be suppressed that measures be taken for calling a convention for the formation of a State Constitution. Certain classes of persons who have voluntarily borne arms or held office under the Confederate usurpation are excluded from voting or being elected as delegates. The conditions on which such States shall be admitted include a provision that involuntary servitude shall be prohibited and freedom forever guaranteed, and that no debts created under the sanction of the usurping power shall be recognized or paid by the newly-created States.—At the evening session the bill extending to soldiers and sailors, without regard to color, the benefits of the Homestead Law on rebel confiscated lands was passed.——*May* 5. The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Special Order, viz., the bill to reimburse Pennsylvania for the expenses incurred in calling out troops to repel invasion. After rejecting several amendments the Committee rose, when the House rejected the bill, which, however, was subsequently reconsidered, and the bill was passed, appropriating $700,000 for the Pennsylvania militia, with an amendment appropriating $15,000,000 to defray the expenses of other loyal States in repelling raids.—Mr. Morrill moved that evening sessions be dispensed with until further order, leaving the House to adjourn at such hour as it may see fit, which was adopted.——*May* 6. Mr. Dawes reported two resolutions, one declaring that F. P. Blair is not, and the other that Mr. Knox, the contestant, is, entitled to a seat in the House as the Representative of the First District of Missouri.—Mr. Ganson called up the resolution of the Committee on Elections, declaring that neither Mr. Loan, the sitting member, nor Mr. Bruce, the contestant, is entitled to a seat as the Representative of the Seventh Congressional District of Missouri. Debate followed, continuing nearly through the session.——*May* 9. A resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Naval Affairs to examine into the expediency of locating the proposed navy-yard on the west side of the Hudson River, nearly opposite Yonkers.—Fernando Wood asked, but failed to obtain, the unanimous consent to introduce a resolution that the President be required to furnish this House copies of correspondence between the Secretary of State and Mr. Adams or Lord Lyons on the subject of a simulated report and document of the Navy Department of the so-called Confederate States.—The House resumed the consideration of the Missouri Election case, which was debated until the hour of adjournment.—Mr. Gooch made a report of the ill-treatment of prisoners in rebel hands.——*May* 10. The Missouri contested election case of Bruce *vs.* Loan was finished by adopting a resolution declaring Mr. Loan, the sitting member, to be rightly entitled to the seat, which rejects the report of the Committee on Elections.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

The Grand Movement of the Army of the Potomac is in progress. The order of General Meade to march was issued on the morning of the 3d. General Gregg's cavalry took the advance, and was engaged until late at night in repairing the roads leading to Ely's Ford, on the Rapidan. About midnight another cavalry division moved to Germania Ford, and both were successful in establishing crossings. The Second Corps broke camp at midnight, and effected a crossing at Ely's Ford about daylight on the 4th. The Fifth Corps crossed at Germania Ford, followed by the Sixth. No serious opposition was met until the advance reached the Wilderness, General Lee not having, apparently, anticipated the movement. It threatened his communications with Richmond, and forced him out of his formidable intrenchments around Orange Court House, covered by Mine Run. Accordingly, on Thursday morning, the 5th, before General Grant had fully established his lines, Lee exhibited, in his disposition of troops, a determination to advance, evidently with the design of cutting our lines. On discovering his intentions General Warren was directed to attack him at once, which he did at about 11 A.M. A determined musketry fight of an hour and a half ensued, in which Warren handsomely drove him from his position, with the infliction of great loss. Griffin's division of the Fifth Corps led the attack and suffered severely, its loss being nearly 1000 in killed, wounded, and missing. Finding his efforts to break our centre futile, the enemy next attempted to interpose an overwhelming force between Warren and Hancock, the latter of whom, in accordance with orders, was marching his corps rapidly to form a junction with the former. Fortunately, his advance, consisting of Birney's division, came up not a moment too soon, and just in time to circumvent the rebel General, who, at 2¼ P.M. commenced a terrific onslaught on the divisions of Birney, Gibbon, and Getty, the latter of whom had been temporarily detached to form the extreme right of Hancock's command. The fight raged hotly until some time after dark, and resulted in the complete repulse of the enemy at all points. Our loss in this engagement was about 1000 men. Scarcely any artillery was brought into requisition, the character of the ground rendering it useless.

During the night picket firing was kept up, and early on the morning of Friday, the 6th, the battle reopened, the enemy making a desperate attempt to turn the position of the Sixth (General Sedgwick). This assault, after an hour's hard fighting, was repulsed. The enemy then suddenly attacked the left, under Hancock, but were again driven back. The battle then became general along the entire line. At a quarter past eleven o'clock a desperate assault was made upon the Fifth Corps, particularly upon the Fourth Division, commanded by General James S. Wadsworth. While gallantly rallying his men, and at their head, leading the charge, this noble soldier was shot in the forehead, and fell dead, his body remaining in our possession. A partial lull ensued about noon, when another desperate assault was made on General Hancock. His veteran columns temporarily yielded to the shock, but soon rallying, recovered their line, and sent staggering back the massed columns of the foe with most frightful slaughter to them. During the afternoon comparative quiet prevailed, but about seven o'clock in the evening the enemy made a furious charge upon Sedgwick's right, throwing it into confusion, and in fact turning his position. A stampede ensued, but the line was soon re-established. Our loss in this engagement was quite heavy, but that of the enemy was said to be greater than our own. General Seymour and a considerable number of our troops were captured in the confusion. Later in the night another assault was gallantly repulsed, reinforcements having been sent to Sedgwick's help. The estimate of losses on the right wing are given as follows: Wounded up to six o'clock, Friday P.M., 2100; killed up to same time, 500; killed, wounded, and missing during the turning of the right wing, 4000; total, 6600. No artillery lost, as from the position none could be used. During Friday night General Lee withdrew from the field, establishing himself on a new line. This movement was caused by a manœuvre of General Grant, who had swung his left flank (Hancock's Corps) down toward Spotsylvania Court-House, threatening Lee's communications. This forced the latter to retreat. Dispatches received from Grant, dated Monday noon, indicated that Lee had made a stand at Spotsylvania Court House, six miles from Wilderness, but that at that date, though there had been some hard fighting, no general battle had taken place. General Grant was replenishing his army from his supply-trains, so as to advance without them. The same dispatches bring the sad intelligence of Sedgwick's death. He was killed in the fighting of Monday, above referred to, by a ball from a sharpshooter. His remains were at Fredericksburg. General Wright, commanding the First Division, succeeded to the command of the Corps. Generals Robinson and Morris were wounded. The former commanded the Second Division of Warren's Corps; the latter the First Brigade of the Third Division of Sedgwick.

THE LOSSES.

Among the casualties reported from the field are the following: Generals Sedgwick, Wadsworth, and Hayes killed; Generals Getty, Gregg, Webb, Owens, Robinson, and Morris wounded. A large number of Colonels and other field and line officers were killed. Our total loss is believed not to exceed 15,000. We took 3000 prisoners up to Friday night. Very many of the wounded were but slightly hurt, and walked from the field to the rear.

The rebel Generals Longstreet and Pegram were severely wounded, and several high officers of Lee's army were killed and wounded. Intercepted dispatches from General Lee acknowledge the loss of "many wounded."

Fredericksburg was occupied on the night of the 8th, and the dépôt for our wounded was at once established at that point. Stores and medical help arrived promptly on the spot the day following.

GENERAL BUTLER'S CAMPAIGN.

Simultaneously with the advance of the Army of the Potomac, the campaign on the Peninsula was opened by General Butler, who proceeded to West Point on the York River, and landed a considerable body of men from transports, as if intending to advance on Richmond from that point. This deceived the enemy, who at once hurried their forces from Fort Powhatan and other defenses on the James River to meet the threatening column. Under cover of the night, General Butler then withdrew his force, and re-embarking, sailed at once for the James River. Before the enemy had discovered their mistake our troops had been landed at City Point and other places on that river, and General Butler was master of the situation. This was accomplished on the morning of the 5th, the whole army being transferred in 20 hours from Yorktown and Gloucester Point to within striking distance of Richmond. Five Monitors and a large number of gun-boats accompanied the expedition, which consisted of the Tenth Corps, under General Gillmore, and the Eighteenth under General W. F. Smith. Fort Powhatan, a rebel work, was occupied, and all the points along the river which commanded the bends were captured and fortified. To cover this movement, cavalry expeditions were sent out in various directions, preventing a concentration of the enemy, and placing their communications in danger. Immediately upon fortifying his base, General Butler advanced his army eight miles into the interior toward Petersburg, ten miles distant from City Point. On the evening of the 6th, Generals Hickman's and Brooks's divisions took possession of the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad, after a severe fight in which the rebel Generals Jones and Jenkins were killed and General Pickett and Mr. Hunter severely wounded. The railroad bridge crossing one of the tributaries of the Appomattox River, within about seven miles of Petersburg, was set on fire and totally consumed, and the railroad track torn up and rendered useless long enough for our forces to carry out other and more important operations. Our success was not gained without some loss, but precisely how great can not as yet be ascertained. On the morning of the 6th, the United States gun-boat *Commodore Jones*, while on picket duty in the James River, near Turkey Bend, was blown up by a torpedo, one of the cigar-shaped infernal machines, and several of her officers and men were killed and some 40 wounded. The rebel who had charge of the torpedo was shot, and two of his companions made prisoners.

Our latest dispatches before going to press indicate Butler's complete success in breaking up the railroad communication south of Richmond, cutting in two Beauregard's army, and also that a battle had been fought with one portion of the latter, led by Beauregard in person, resulting in a victory to the Federal force.

SHERMAN'S MOVEMENT.

A severe battle for the possession of Dalton, between Sherman and Joe Johnston was being fought on Tuesday. Sherman had occupied Tunnel Hill on the North while M'Pherson's corps was on Johnston's communications Southward.

MISCELLANEOUS.

General Banks's campaign in Western Louisiana has terminated unsuccessfully. Finding the position at Grand Ecore unsafe, the Army retreated to Alexandria, being pursued by the enemy, who constantly harassed the rear column. When near Cane River an engagement took place, in which the rebels lost 800 men and nine pieces of artillery. At the last accounts our position at Alexandria was secure, and the gun-boats in the Red River above the Falls, where they were detained by the low water, were still safe, though greatly harassed by the enemy. Two or three transports had been lost on the river, and it was feared others would have to be abandoned.—On the 7th inst. Brigadier-General E. R. S. Canby was appointed and confirmed as Major-General of Volunteers, and ordered to the command of all the troops west of the Mississippi. He has already gone to the field. General Banks's position in this new arrangement is not defined.

General Steele's army has returned to Little Rock, Arkansas. His main body was greatly harassed by the rebels during his retreat from Camden, and he was compelled to destroy his trains and every bridge behind him. On the 30th ult. he crossed the Saline River; but before crossing he was attacked by the rebels under General Fagan, whom he repulsed. A portion of the rebel cavalry crossed above, and proceeded within eight miles of Little Rock, causing considerable alarm there. Latest reports from Little Rock assure us that both that place and Pine Bluff are safe. A Union train of two hundred and forty wagons, while returning to Pine Bluff, was captured by the rebels on the 25th ult., together with the escort under the command of Colonel Drake, comprising the Twenty-sixth Iowa Regiment, the Seventy-seventh Ohio Regiment, and the Forty-third Indiana Regiment, with four pieces of artillery.

General Sturgis's cavalry had a fight near Bolivar, Tennessee, on Monday last with the rebels under Forrest. Our troops numbered 700, with two pieces of artillery; those of the enemy were 1000. After a fight of two hours, in which General Sturgis lost only two killed and ten wounded, the rebels were driven across the Hatchie River, destroying the bridge behind them.

Dates from Jacksonville, Florida, are to the 2d inst. General Birney had gone, with his colored troops, on an expedition into the interior; his destination was not known. Orders were issued on the 25th that all residents of Jacksonville who had not taken the oath of allegiance should do so immediately, or be sent beyond the lines.

News from Port Royal is to the 5th inst. General Hatch had assumed command of the Department, General Gillmore having been ordered to the Tenth Army Corps. Admiral Dahlgren had arrived. The rebels were actively pushing around the creeks and islands, trying to find some weak place in our lines, but gun-boat reconnoissances kept them at a respectful distance.

The Navy Department has information of the capture, by the gun-boat *Owasco*, of the English schooners *Lily*, *Fannie*, and *Laura*, off Velasco, Texas, the prisoners stating that they did not know the character of their cargoes. On the *Fannie*, however, were found eight cases of rifles for the rebel General Magruder.

REBEL ATROCITIES.

In the United States Senate, on the 9th, Mr. Wade, from the Committee on the Conduct of the War, submitted a report upon the condition of the returned prisoners at Annapolis, proving beyond all doubt, in the estimation of the Committee, that the rebel authorities have determined to subject our soldiers and officers who fall into their hands to physical and mental suffering impossible to describe, many presenting now the appearance of living skeletons, literally little more than skin and bones, some maimed for life, and some frozen by lying without tent or covering on the bare ground at Belle Isle. The general practice is shown to be the robbery of prisoners, as soon as taken, of all money, valuables, and good clothing. The food allowed was totally insufficient to preserve the health of a child. It consisted usually of two pieces of bread made of corn and cob meal, badly cooked, with about two ounces of meat, unfit to eat, and occasionally a few black, worm-eaten beans. They were obliged to sell clothing received from home to buy food to sustain life. Those in the hospitals were little better fed. Worn and neglected wounds remained for days undressed. They were submitted to unmerciful and murderous treatment from those in charge of them. They were shot and killed for violating rules of which they had no knowledge. When they arrived at Annapolis their clothing was so filled with vermin that it had to be destroyed, and repeated washings failed to relieve their heads and bodies of the pests. They are now dying daily, and the physicians in charge entertain no doubt that their emaciation and death are directly caused by the brutal and merciless treatment received while prisoners of war.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE Dano-German Conference had assembled in London, and the *Memorial Diplomatique* of Paris states that England and France have agreed to recommend and insist upon an armistice. This appeared to be the main point for discussion, as it was thought that unless an armistice were enforced by the Conference Alsen must fall to the Prussians. It was alleged in some quarters that France would try to turn the Conference into a General Congress. Others thought that the Berlin Cabinet, intoxicated with the military success of Prussia, would propose an ultimatum, and leave the other Powers to discuss it.

There is no later news from Düppel. The Prussians were at work on the batteries, which are, if possible, to repeat on the Island of Alsen the feats achieved on the main land. The King of Denmark issued a proclamation declaring that the sufferings of the army will not be without fruit in the struggle for national existence. The King of Prussia had returned to Berlin from the battle-field.

Garibaldi sailed from England, after visiting the royal farms at Windsor. The working-men's meeting, which was called in London in order to express the opinion of the laboring classes as to the reason for the sudden departure of the General, was dispersed by the police.

The *Alexandra* was to be delivered up to her owners on April 25. The privateer *Alabama* on March 20 had entered Table Bay. She had destroyed seven American vessels in the Indian Sea.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

THE sub-Committee on the Conduct of the War have submitted to Congress an elaborate report with respect to the raid of FORREST and the Fort Pillow massacre. From testimony taken it appears that the conduct of FORREST at Paducah was characterized by deceptions and atrocities entirely foreign to civilized warfare; that the demand for the surrender of Columbus was made for the purpose of gaining time to steal horses and cattle; that all that has been related of the massacre at Fort Pillow is fully confirmed; and that FORREST's object throughout seemed to be to wreak vengeance upon negro troops and their officers, and upon loyal Tennesseeans who had joined the Union army. The acts of the rebels thus placed upon record are unparalleled for their cruelty, and disgraceful to those participating in them, or under whose direction they were perpetrated.

Rear-Admiral PORTER recently sent an expedition up the Washita River, as far as Monroe, which captured three thousand bales of Confederate cotton, brought away eight hundred negroes, and destroyed much rebel property.

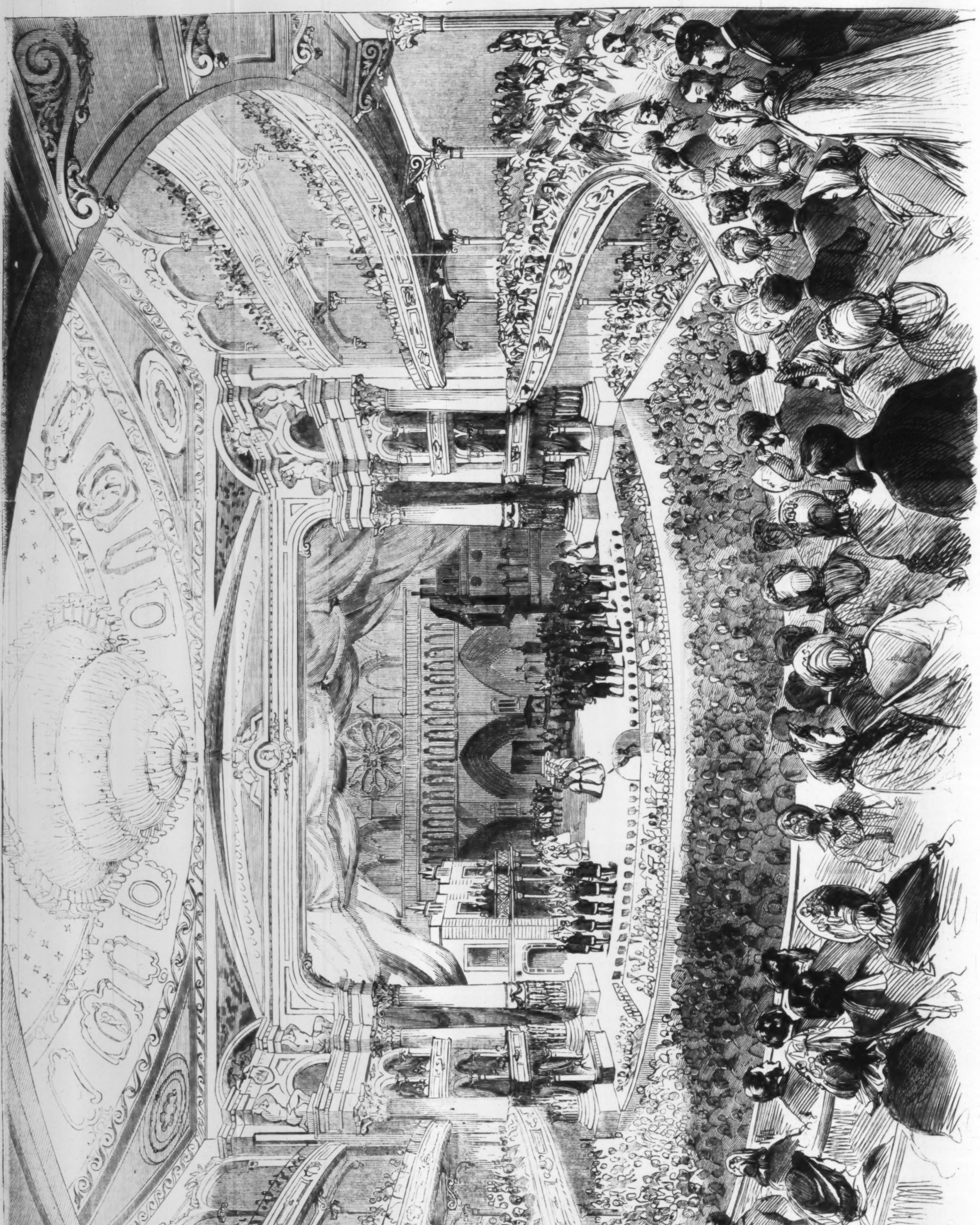
A Norfolk correspondent says that General BUTLER has compelled that city to pay for its own government, and at the same time introduced a number of improvements.

General WASHBURNE has hung a spy and smuggler at Memphis, and has arrested several others. General terror consequently prevails among the secessionists in that vicinity.

Major-General HUNTER has gone to Alexandria, Louisiana, where he will probably have a command.

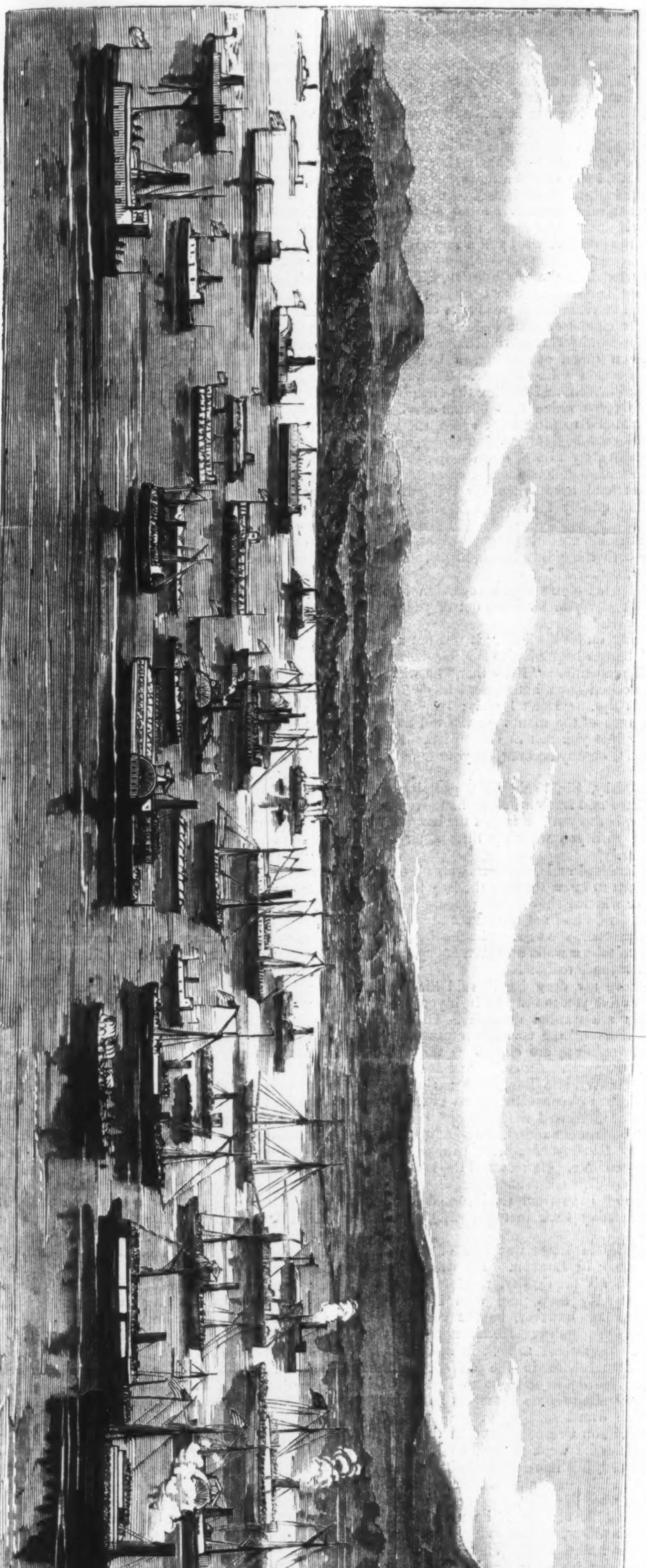
General DIX has published an order retiring Brigadier-General STANNARD from the command of the troops in New York city and harbor, and putting Brigadier-General R. DE TROBRIAND in the place. General STANNARD goes to Fortress Monroe.

General KILPATRICK had a narrow escape in a skirmish with the enemy near Bold Knob, Georgia, recently. His horse was killed by a ball which grazed the General's side.

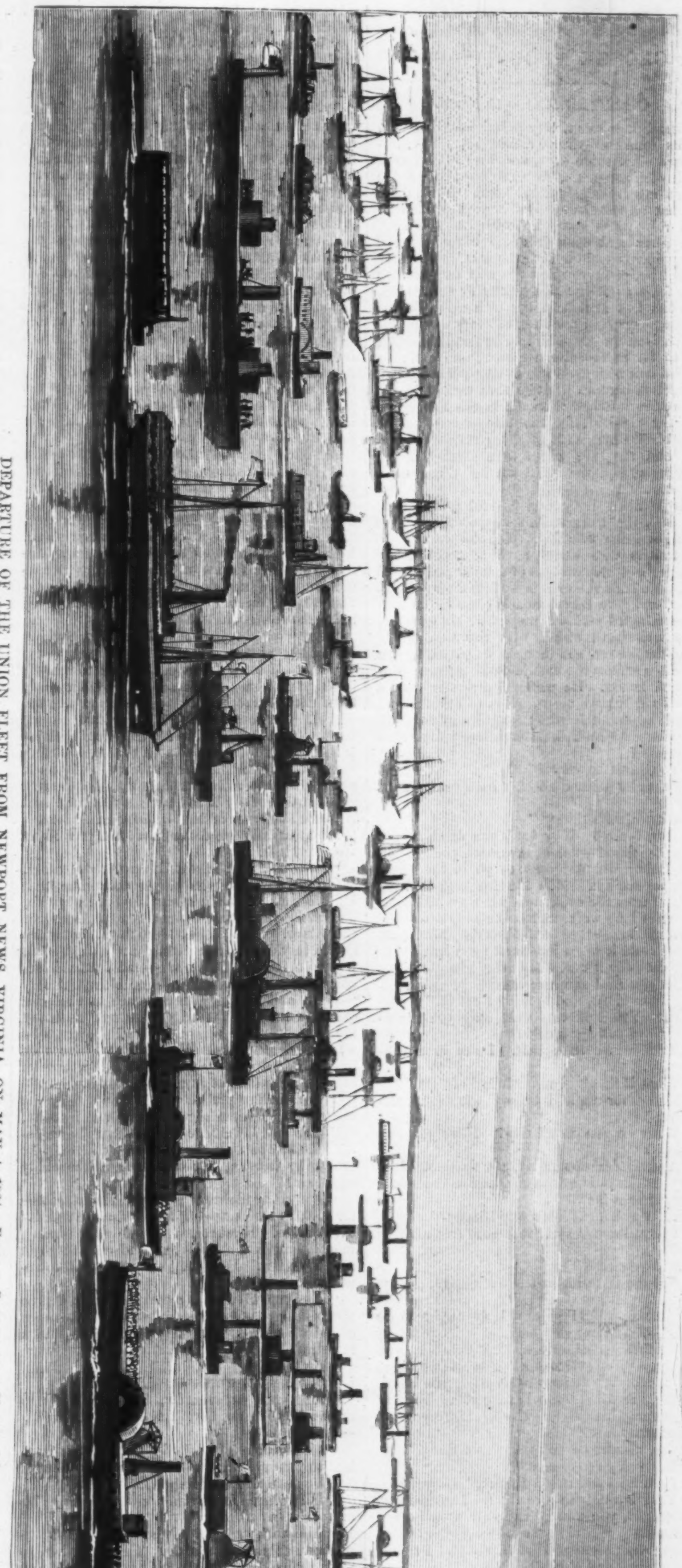


GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA IN AID OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION.—[SEE PAGE 334.]

ARRIVAL OF GENERAL BUTLER'S ADVANCE AT CITY POINT, VIRGINIA, ON MAY 5, 1864.—FROM A SKETCH BY A NAVAL OFFICER.—[SEE PAGE 334.]



ARRIVAL OF GENERAL BUTLER'S ADVANCE AT CITY POINT, VIRGINIA, ON MAY 5, 1864.—From a Sketch by a Naval Officer.—[See Page 334.]



DEPARTURE OF THE UNION FLEET FROM NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA, ON MAY 4, 1864.—From a Sketch by a Naval Officer.—[See Page 334.]

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXI.—*Continued.*

THE dinner was a very grand one; but with all its grandeur piscine culinary art has progressed since those days, and by the side of a Greenwich banquet, as we now understand it, the repast might have seemed mean. Still there was an almost inconceivable variety of fish. Still rare wines came up with every course. The glass and damask would have appeared paltry in comparison with the sumptuosities of crystal and napery which are now displayed at such feasts; but it was a dinner fit for a king, and one Lily settled in her own mind of the precise description partaken of every day by the Caliph Haroun Alraschid. She fancied Giaffar calling for more salmon cutlets, and eating a deviled bait with his fingers. And then the bait themselves became the fish that turned in the pan and reproached the cook in the Fisherman and the Geni. And the pasty-faced waiters were black slaves with jeweled collars and armlets, and the rare wines were sherbet cooled with snow, and the child ate her dinner in a dream.

Sir William Long was faithful to his trust, and took the most sedulous care of her. He gave her some nice fried sole, and warned off the waiters who would have approached her with perilous preparations of salmon and stewed eels. He bade the man bring him some Seltzer-water, and gave Lily a modest glass of the beverage mingled with Champagne. He gave her some white-bait, which, with the thin brown bread-and-butter, she thought delicious, but he made her eschew the condimental cayenne pepper and lemon. He watched over her with a careful tenderness, very curious to behold, and, though he drank fearfully long draughts of the rare wines, he took little more solid food than Lily herself.

"You must be very thirsty!" the child said, simply, as he drained another bumper of claret-cup.

"I am always thirsty."

"How funny! Why don't you drink tea, or go to the pump?—unless, of course, you are hot. Miss Babby will never let us go to the pump when we are hot. Miss Furblow begged a jug of water from the cook once, when we had come in from a long walk, and broke out, two hours afterward, in a—O so dreadful rash. Mrs. Bunnycastle said it was a judgment upon her."

"I dare say it was. My being always thirsty is a judgment, I suppose, on me. I drink because I am alone, and because I am ill."

"Ill! You look very well, only you are so tall. Have you got a cold?"

"Much worse than that. I am in a consumption."

"What is that? I never heard of that."

"Fancy, for aught I know," the tall gentleman replied.

"What do you do all day? Have you any holidays?"

"A great deal too many, my darling. It is always holiday-time with me, and a dreadfully dreary time it is."

"Then you don't learn any lessons?"

"I have learned some that have cost me very dear."

"Are you good?"

"Not the least bit in the world, dear; I am very bad."

"How dreadful! Every body ought to be good. Miss Babby says so."

"And who is Miss Babby?"

"One of my governesses. The one who is so kind to me. You ought to be good, you know, because then th[illegible]ls will love you. We had a missionary-box a[illegible] school. Have you got a missionary-box?"

"I'm afraid I haven't go[illegible]h a thing."

"But you go to church?"

"I am ashamed to say I don't. D[illegible] you?"

"Yes; but only this last half. I am growing a great girl, you know," and Lily drew herself up proudly. "And then all the big girls begged for me, and promised Miss Babby that I should be very good and quiet."

"And you like going to church?"

"Oh! it's so nice. They sing so beautifully. But I don't like the Litany, it is so long, and always the same thing."

"And the sermon?"

Lily blushed. "Miss Babby scolded me for going to sleep all through the sermon. Miss Heavylids was kept in for sleeping, too. Miss Browncett was punished for reading a story-book in church-time. Were you ever punished?"

"I punish myself at present. The rest is all to come. But at last this long-winded dinner is over. Here is dessert. Will you let me peel you an apple? A nice red, juicy apple, Lily?"

"If you please," said the child. "I like to be called Lily."

She watched with much amused curiosity the process of peeling a ribstone pippin. Sir William accomplished the task very deftly, and having removed the peel in one long spiral, threw it over his shoulder upon the carpet.

"There," he cried, "the letter the peel will form will be the initial of your sweet-heart's name. Let's look at it. Why, it's a W!"

"And W stands for William," exclaimed Lily, in an ecstasy. "How nice! And will you be my sweet-heart?"

"Of course, if we ever see one another again. Countess," he continued, "we have been trying the Sortes Virgilianæ, and Fate declares that I am to be your little girl's sweet-heart."

"'Sortes! Virgile!' Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?" replied the lady addressed. "I don't know what you are talking about. Est-ce que vous radotez, mon garçon?"

"We hadn't a copy of Virgil, so we tried an apple. The peel came down in a W."

"Absurdity!" cried the lady. "What nonsense to put into the child's head!"

To the most magnificent feast there must be a termination, and at last the Greenwich dinner came to an end. It had been a very merry dinner indeed, and the two quietest guests were Lily and Sir William Long. It had been a very merry dinner, and when the cloth was removed, and more wines—red wines—were brought on, it became quite an uproarious dinner. After a time one of the gentlemen rose and proposed the health of their charming guest, the countess, in a speech which was very eloquent, and very full of compliments, and which was received with thunders of applause; but in which there was faint suspicion (I am inclined to think) of the speaker making fun of the countess. The audience, however, laughed and cheered tremendously, and in the midst of the oration, and the thumpings on the table, and the clattering of the plates, and the clinking of the glasses, Sir William Long stole away quietly with Lily into the balcony.

He bade her look out on the river, so calm and glassy, and the great ships with their dusky hulls lying so tranquil, and the cottages with curling smoke, and the cows and horses in the meadows opposite. They looked for a time quite silently at the glories of the setting sun. The child was glad to be away from the hot room, and the fumes of the wine, the riotous noise, and the strange wild company. She nestled close to the tall gentleman and looked up in his face lovingly.

"Are you happy, dear?" he said, smoothing her curls again.

"I should be, if I was going back to school; but the lady says that I am to be taken away from Mrs. Bunnycastle's and sent to another school. Perhaps they will be unkind to me there. Oh! I do wish I was going back to Miss Babby."

Sir William muttered something. Lily could not gather its entire purport, but she thought she heard him say that he was a fool, and that it was no concern of his. And then he turned toward her, and asked her in a strange voice if she liked him.

"Of course I do," the child answered, readily. "Lily always loves the people who have been kind to her. I should like to be your little wife, and make you a pair of nice red muffatees for the winter. I should like to go to the wax-work show every day—but not into that dreadful room where the naughty men are—and I should like you to be very good, and take me to church every Sunday, and always give sixpence to the poor old blind man with one leg, who now stands at the corner by our school. Miss Babby says he was at the battle of Waterloo, and was very brave there, only they won't give him a pension because he is fond of rum, and beats his wife."

This rambling prattle was interrupted by the countess, who came abruptly into the balcony, and demanded whether Sir William Long intended to elope with the little one, and what he meant by keeping her out there in the chilly night air?

"The chilly night air is better," the baronet—for such was his title—replied, "than that noisy oven inside. However, your little girl has made me quite meek and obedient, and we will go in if you wish it. How long do you intend to remain, countess?"

"Are you tired of my company? It is true that you have not condescended to bestow much of it upon *me* to-night. Are you fascinated with la petite?"

"A very harmless fascination, I humbly think. I wish I had known no worse."

"Ah! vous en avez fait des belles! Upon my word, you have been a most gallant cavalier—to a baby."

"I have done my duty by the baby, and my best to preserve her from bogies and vampires."

"You are an excellent nurse."

"I have tried to prevent her wanting any pills or powders to-morrow."

"*You* will want brandy and soda-water to-morrow, as you always do. There, let her go with the chambermaid, and get ready to go home. We return to town to-night, and we have a long journey to make to-morrow."

"What are you going to do with her, countess?" asked Sir William Long, when the chambermaid, notwithstanding a unanimous protest against the lady's threatened departure, had been rung for, and conducted the child to her robing-room.

"C'est mon affaire. She belongs to me. Do I ask you where you spend your evenings, or what you do with the things that belong to you?"

"Heaven knows, I should be able to give you but sorry answers, if you did. I am sick of my life."

"Why don't you marry?"

"You have tried it. How did you like it?"

The countess shrugged her shoulders. "It is different," she said. "I am not a man; I only wish I were one. Mon mari était un lâche—un misérable."

"Countess."

"Well, Sir William."

"I think there are few things you would hesitate about selling."

"Well, I am not particular. I like money; it buys so many things, and enables one to mock one's self of the world. Well, what then?"

"I wish you would consent to sell me your little girl."

"To put her in a cabinet among the china and the pictures that you give such mad prices for? Thank you."

"I will give you a check for a thousand pounds and my bay mare, Sontag."

"What would you do with her?"

"By Heaven's help I would endeavor to save her from perdition."

"Whither I, her guardian and protectress, am leading her. I am very much obliged to you, Sir William Long, but you are not rich enough to buy her. Nor yet is M. de Rothschild. I bought her, voyez-vous, or I stole her, whichever you please. She represents to me success, triumph, vengeance. By having her to do what I like with, I win a bet ten times greater than all you ever had in one of those little books English gentlemen ruin themselves over—a bet I made to myself seven years ago. I have won it, and I have the honor to wish you a very good-evening."

She went into the dining-room, Sir William following her sadly. She contemptuously resisted all entreaties to stay, to take coffee, to try one little cigarette. She bade her "charming Good-for-nothings" a scornful farewell, and bestowed on them, at parting, a blessing that sounded curiously like a curse. Then she went and robed herself, and flinging the chambermaid a crown piece which that buxom servitor felt much inclined to fling back again, she led the child, who was beginning to feel sleepy, although it was scarcely yet dark, down stairs.

The affable landlord once more butted at her with his bald head, when Sir William Long, who had quietly followed, made his appearance.

"I must bid my little pet good-night," he said, taking both the child's hands in his. "May I kiss her, countess?"

"Yes; but don't slip a sovereign into her hand. I saw you take one out of your waistcoat-pocket."

Sir William bit his lip. "It was not a sovereign," he was beginning to say, but he stopped himself prudently. "Keep that," he whispered as he stooped down and pressed Lily's forehead with his lips. "Don't lose it; keep it in remembrance of the man with the tall face and the long legs you met at Greenwich. Keep it, and don't, on any account, let your mamma see it."

"Good-by, Sir," said Lily, grasping something hard and smooth that he had given her.

"God bless you!" returned the baronet. "I heartily wish you were my little sister or my daughter."

The landlord and the waiters were obsequiously anxious to know whether the lady had a carriage, or whether they should procure a carriage for her. She had not the one, and did not require the other, she said. She felt hot, and intended to take a walk, and then engage a fly for her conveyance to London.

"I have my drag here," said Sir William. "I can drive you to town in it, if you like."

"You are wanted up stairs. On vous demande là-haut," the countess returned. "The Good-for-nothings are clamorous for you back again. Go away. Adieu." And she swept off.

But Sir William Long did not rejoin the choice knot of boon companions in the dining-saloon. He lighted a cigar, and ordered his drag to be brought round. By-and-by came up a stately four-in-hand, with two grooms, the horses champing. He mounted the box, covered himself up with coats and rugs, and, amidst a tempest of bows from the assembled waiters, drove moodily back to town, smoking all the way.

Sir William Long was one of the wildest young men in London. He was immensely rich, and his prodigality, reckless as it was, could scarcely keep pace with his revenues. That evening, however, he felt very little inclined for prodigality. He did not go to Gamridge's. He forbore to look in at Crockford's. He went nowhere in the direction of such places. He drove straight to Pall Mall, and went up stairs to some chambers he had there, where he drank soda-water, and smoked, and read Robinson Crusoe till two in the morning. And, when he went to bed, he had confused dreams of being married, and sitting in a garden with children about his knee. And all the children were like Lily.

"Poor little creature!" he murmured, turning on his pillow, next morning. "What a life there lies before her! What does that monstrous woman intend to do with the child? To make her a rope-dancer, or a horse-rider, or what?"

"The governor's hipped, that's sure," Mr. Vernish, Sir William's valet, observed that day to Mrs. Springbone, the lady who officiated as housekeeper at the chambers, 290 Pall Mall. "He wouldn't have no brandy-and-soda this morning; he wouldn't have no deviled kidneys, and no anchovy toast. He breakfasted on a cup of tea and a roll, and he set off for a walk by hisself in the Green Park. I think he's in love."

"By Jove! I *will* get married," cried William Long to himself that very morning. "I'll go to Peignoir's and have my hair cut, and I'll call on the Cœurdesarts."

The which he did punctually.

CHAPTER XXII.

LILY IS FITTED OUT BY CUTWIG & CO.

GREENWICH PARK was kept open later long ago than it is at present. It was getting dark when the lady and the child entered by the western gate. The countess seemed to know her way perfectly well, and they pursued the path toward the Observatory. The moon was up, and Lily looked about her in wonderment. The tall trees and the brown bars of shadow they cast upon the moonlit grass, which looked almost frosty in its brightness; the deer—more numerous then than now—that peeped furtively, showing their gleaming heads from the thickets, like fairies playing at hide-and-seek; the birds, disturbed in their dreams (by imaginary cats, perchance), that came fluttering off the boughs, and then, reassured, went fluttering back again; at all these sights the child looked, and marveled, and forgot her sleepiness.

When they had skirted One-tree Hill, and gained the earth-work rampart that runs round the picturesque old edifice where Halley dwelt, they found it almost deserted. A soldier in a bearskin cap much too big for him, was whistling for want of thought, and flicking his penny cane against the brick wall. He was a temperate Grenadier, or else fortune had been unkind to him, and he had not got as much beer as he wanted. At all events, he was melancholy. A sweet-hearting couple were wrangling in a subdued tone on one of the benches. A long day spent in the society of the adored one of our hearts not unfrequently ends in mutual distaste.

The Grenadier had disappeared, whistling, and they were left alone. It was very calm and still. The stars seemed to smile on Lily. She looked up at the moon, and tried to shape its tranquil face into the pale, handsome countenance of the tall gentleman who had been so kind to her. She still kept the something hard and smooth he had given her slightly clasped in her hand. She did not dare to look at it, but by a quick, furtive movement slipped it into the bosom of her frock. Was Lily naughty to practice concealment so early?

It was a time for good and tranquil thoughts; a time to be at peace and good-will with mankind; a time for studious men, of pure and blameless lives, to ascend their watch-towers, and read the starry heavens through their long glasses. Lily gazed wistfully upon the shadowy prospect, the great panorama of verdure now bathed in soft haze, upon the distant river, the hospital domes looming large, the lights twinkling from the ports of the great hospital ship. The child, though no longer drowsy, felt as though this was her bedtime out of doors, and longed to say her prayers, and lie down under one of the tall trees, with the deer to keep watch over her.

The lady, seemingly, was in no such tranquil mood. She had been muttering to herself all the way, and Lily had been far too nervous to speak to her.

"Yes; they will have a wild night," she said, between her teeth; "an orgie! And my life! Is it any thing better?—orgie upon orgie, feast upon feast, boiling oil upon red-hot coals. Look here, you young cat," she pursued, turning upon Lily, "attend to me. Do you know who I am?"

The child, trembling in every limb, stammered a negative.

"I am your mother."

"I thought my mamma was in heaven, ma'am," Lily answered, in a very low voice; "Miss Babby always told me so."

And, indeed, when the child, perplexed by the frequent questions and occasional jeerings of the girls who had mammas, had interrogated Miss Barbara Bunnycastle on the subject the governess had returned her the answer quoted above, not knowing what else to tell her. Had not M. J. B. Constant said that Miss Floris's mamma was dead?

"You are not likely to meet either of your parents there," pursued the lady, in a scornful voice. "Va chercher ailleurs, mon enfant, c'est là-bas que tu les trouveras. You will never have any other mother than me. Do you love me?"

The child was silent.

"That's right. Don't tell me a lie. If you had, I would have beaten you. Ah, my pullet, you don't know what blows are. Your little entertainment is all to come. Listen to me; you are going to school a long way off. You are no longer to be made a pet and a darling of. Nobody ever petted *me*. You shall live hard; you shall work. Sacrebleu! you shall work, you cub!"

The child was, fortunately, too young to understand more than that the lady was very cross. What had she done that the lady was so angry with her? Lily was too frightened to weep; but she trembled more than ever.

"Ah! the night air. You will gain a chill," cried the strange lady, with capricious tenderness. "There, don't be frightened. Be still, and nobody shall hurt you." And she dragged the shawl off her own shoulders, and, hastily kissing the child, wrapped her in it. Her kiss seemed to burn Lily's cheek.

They went down the winding path again, and out of the Park, and into the town. And there—though the railway was open—the lady engaged a flyman to take them into London. The man named ten shillings as his fare, and the lady was too haughty to bargain with him, but she took it out in tormenting the unhappy wretch all the way to the Elephant and Castle, and all the way from the Elephant to Golden Square, Regent Street. She abused him for driving too slowly, and then for driving too fast; she declared that the horse was lame, and that one of the wheels was coming off. She accused him of being intoxicated (he was as sober a fellow as need be); she vowed that she would prosecute him for not having lamps; and she called all the turnpike-men robbers and extortioners.

"I suppose you want to cheat me out of some money to drink now," she observed, when this long-suffering Jehu had landed her at her destination.

"I don't want nothing to drink," cried the man, desperately. "I don't want nothing from yer. I only wants to be quit of yer."

"Don't be insolent!" the lady replied.

"Hinsolent!" exclaimed the flyman, throwing up his arms. "'Ear 'er. Am I a man or am I a convic? Am I a man or am I a slave?"

"You are an impertinent drunken fellow. Go home to bed."

"Ask the p'lice. Ask my master, which I

have jobbed for in the same yard going on for nineteen year," continued the man.

"Now, what's the matter here?" the gruff voice of a passing policeman interposed.

"Nothin's the matter," returned the flyman, gathering up his reins, and settling himself on his box. "I've got my fare, and I'm satisfied. Only next time that lady wants to be driven to Old Scratch, I 'ope she'll 'ail another fly." With which he drove off.

The lady certainly did not possess, or else she did not care to cultivate, the art of conciliating the lower orders. The number of enemies she had made that day might have been calculated by the number of inferiors with whom she had come in contact.

They slept that night in a house in Golden Square, where this benignant person had taken lodgings. And the first thing Lily heard in the morning—for to her great joy she was not put to sleep with the strange lady, but was bestowed in a small adjoining bedroom—was an alarming commotion with the servant-of-all-work respecting breakfast: in the midst of which a stout landlady arrived, breathless, to give the lodger warning.

"Flesh and blood can't stand it no longer," said the indignant dame. "I'd rather have the parlors empty for six months than be scarified in this obstroperous manner. A true-born Englishwoman ain't to be treated like a black Injin."

"And like the dirt under your feet," added the servant-of-all-work, who was in tears.

"And you'd better suit yourself elsewhere, mum," the landlady continued.

"Canaille!" the countess replied. "I would not remain another twenty-four hours in your wretched hovel for twenty pounds. Give me your swindling bill, and I will pay it. I leave this evening."

The day was a strange one, and the lady scarcely exchanged half a dozen words with Lily. She was in too great a rage after the commotion to breakfast in Golden Square, so took the child to a French coffee-house under the colonnade of the Italian Opera. Then they had a hackney-coach, and went a long long way through low and darkling Temple Bar into the City, until they reached a large shop in a crowded street. They entered this warehouse, and the lady said to the assistant, "This little girl is going to school, supply her with all she wants, and put it in a trunk."

The assistant, who was a joyous, middle-aged man in spectacles, and whose stiff shirt collars made indentations in his plump cheeks, submitted that it would take a good hour and a half to furnish the young lady's outfit; and asked where he might have the honor of sending the esteemed order?

"I will take it away with me," she answered. "We will return in a couple of hours. Stay, can you take charge of the child for that time?"

The assistant replied that they would only be too happy to take care of the young lady for that period.

"Then stay here," said the lady to Lily, "and don't get into mischief. At four o'clock (it was now close upon two) I shall be here." And she went away.

"Is that your mamma, my dear?" the stout assistant with the spectacles asked, when the lady had taken her departure.

"Y—y—es," answered Lily, hesitating somewhat.

"Ah! Dear me. A handsome lady, *quite* the lady, in fact," he continued. "A proud one, too," he said to himself. "Looks as if she had a devil of a temper. A Tartar, I'll be sworn. Now, Miss Eldred, my good young lady, will you be good enough to come here, and we'll get this little matter in hand."

Miss Eldred was a tall lady, but the prefix "young" could be applied to her only in courtesy. She was bony, but benignant. She was clad in brown merino, which fitted her so straight that her dress looked like the section of a pair of trowsers. She smiled affably on Lily, and asked her whether she had ever been to school before? Upon which Lily told her all she knew about the Bunnycastles, and things in general, and soon grew quite companionable with her. And then the little matter of her outfit was put in hand.

Lily never spent a pleasanter two hours in her life. It was a wonderful shop, and they seemed to sell every thing. They showed her cabins complete with swinging cots, and lamps, and delightful little shiny washing-stands, and miniature chests of drawers, which they fitted up on board ships bound for Australia. They showed her great black sea-chests with "Captain Widgeon, Madras," and "Lieutenant Rampelbuggins, Cape of Good Hope," painted thereupon in white letters. They showed her bales of shirts, stacks of stockings, hives of straw hats, bags, portmanteaus, writing-desks, dressing-cases, sextants, chronometers, and cases of digestive biscuits.

"We sell saddles," the stout assistant remarked, with conscious pride. "We sell beer. We sell anchors, likewise school-books, also bonnets, and pickles, and parasols, and anchovy paste. We are general shippers. If you require preserved beef, there are five hundred cases of it in the left-hand corner. Do you want any curry powder? That's your sort. You've only to ask for a chain cable, my dear, and you can have it at per foot. We fit out every body. A bride, or an Admiral of the Blue, a midshipman or an Indian rajah, a little school-girl, or the governor of Cape Coast Castle; it's all one to us. When you go to school, and they ask who fitted you out at two hours' notice, just hand 'em the card of Cutwig & Co., will you?"

He presented the child with a packet of address cards on the spot. "We furnish funerals, too," he went on, chirpingly, "and we've sent out wedding-breakfasts in hermetically sealed tins; but we couldn't get the lobster salad to keep in the Indian Ocean, so that branch had to be given up. But if they want any Devonshire clotted cream at Singapore, or any canary-birds in New Zealand, they send to Cutwig & Co. for 'em. We might have done a powerful stroke of business in portable theatres for the colonies, but the late Mrs. Cutwig was pious, and wouldn't hear of it."

Meanwhile Miss Eldred, assisted by a slender, pretty girl, whom she addressed as 'Melia, and who was her niece, had been busied in trying various articles of apparel on Lily, and asking if she thought them pretty. And then the stout assistant, whose name was Ranns, asked Lily for her name, saying that he only knew her mamma as a customer, and a very good customer she was, but rather uppish. Lily said her name was Floris, not knowing whether she would escape censure from the strange lady for making that revealment unlicensed; and then Mr. Ranns whispered something down a pipe, and in a quarter of an hour afterward a man in a fur cap suddenly popped up a trap in the floor, in one corner, and heaved forward into view a neat trunk covered with black leather, and inscribed with the name of Miss Floris in capitals of white paint.

"Stenciled and varnished at once, by our patent instantaneous process," remarked Mr. Ranns, rubbing his palms together in quiet complacency at the expedition in all matters observed by Cutwig & Co. "Lord bless you! we'd knock all the names of the officers of a seventy-four, with brass nails into their chests, in forty minutes. Yours is rather an uncommon name, my dear, else we generally keep the names of every body in the Post-office Directory ready painted on portmanteaus, chests, and traveling bags, in sets of two hundred and fifty apiece."

At this stage of the conversation Miss Eldred suggested that the young lady must be hungry; and Lily, nothing loth, accompanied her to a back parlor of triangular shape, smelling rather too strongly of new chests of drawers, fresh feather beds, and oilskin hats, but still very snug and comfortable. And there, Lily, and Miss Eldred, and 'Melia, and Mr. Ranns, dined off a roast leg of mutton, and vegetables, and a very nice apple-pudding. Lily observed that Miss Eldred dined in her thimble, and Mr. Ranns in a hurry, with a pen behind his ear; likewise that the front of 'Melia's dress was so garnished with threaded needles, that it might have done good service as a martial buckler.

"Half a glass of sherry, and a nice rosy-cheeked apple—we export 'em, my dear, by hogsheads—for Miss Floris," chirped Mr. Ranns, "and then we must go to business. This is a mill that never stops, my dear." And, indeed, it never did. Business had been going on very briskly all through dinner-time; and a dozen times at least Mr. Ranns had popped up from the table, and bustled into the shop to supply intending shippers with flannel Jerseys, or barometers, or bird-cages, or something of an equally miscellaneous description. The ad interim charge of Cutwig & Co.'s establishment was, however, left to a lanky youth of vacant mien, whom Mr. Ranns described as being rather soft in his head, and a poor salesman, but a capital hand at accounts.

After dinner Lily was taken into the counting-house—a dark little box with a raised floor, to which you ascended by half a dozen steps, and which was fenced all round by balustraded panels, like a family pew. Here the vacant youth kept the accounts of the house, in a series of immense volumes, covered in rough calf and bound in brass. He was a good-tempered lad though imbecile, and permitted Lily to peep into one of the big ledgers, where she saw a great deal of writing in a neat, fat, round hand, almost as beautiful as copies.

"We call 'em our week day Bibles," remarked Mr. Ranns, facetiously. "We ship to all the world six days in the week, and go to church on Sundays."

Lily thought the big ledgers very beautiful, but wondered by what clairvoyance the vacant youth could contrive to write in them in the dark.

"Are you fond of apples?" the vacant clerk whispered to her, with a friendly leer.

Lily modestly avowed a partiality for the fruit in question.

"Then 'ere's another," pursued the clerk, "and another; I dote on apples, I do. I always buy 'em when I'm sent out with bills for acceptance. My wages is eighteen. I gives my mother, which is a widder, twelve, and I spends the rest on apples. I don't go to the theayter. Cutwig & Co. don't like it. It's wicked. I eats apples all day. They 'elps me with the figures." And the clerk resumed his caligraphy in the dark, munching as he wrote.

And now nothing would suit Mr. Ranns—by whom this amicable conversation had not been heard—but that Miss Floris should be taken up stairs and presented to the head of the house, Cutwig & Co. itself. So, up stairs went Lily, pleased and amused, and in a front drawing-room they found, reading a newspaper, and with a bottle of wine before him, such a nice dear old gentleman, with a powdered head which wagged to and fro, and with gold-rimmed spectacles. This was Mr. Cutwig, head of the firm, Co. and all. He was eighty years of age, and father of his company. "Might have been alderman and passed the chair long ago, but the late Mrs. Cutwig was a lofty soul, and couldn't bear the corporation. She thought it low," said Mr. Ranns.

"Fitted her out, Sir," was the simple speech accompanying the presentation of Lily.

"Good lad, good lad," piped old Mr. Cutwig in a very shrill treble (Mr. Ranns might have been on the shady side of forty). "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he'll be worth eighty thousand pound, and on the Court of Assistants. Here's a new shilling from the Mint, my dear."

He pulled out of his waistcoat-pocket a very dazzling piece of money, which, with a shaking hand, he gave to Lily. The child had some scruples as to accepting it, but, at a discreet sign from Mr. Ranns, she took it and thanked him.

"I came into this town nigh upon seventy year ago, by the Dover wagon, with one-and-fippence-halfpenny in my pocket," piped old Mr. Cutwig. "I slept on a hop-sack in the Borough market. Many a little makes a mickle. Honesty is the best policy. Ask Ranns. He's a good lad, and has been with me, man and boy, over seven-and-twenty year. I always took care of my shop, and my shop always took care of me."

Here the old gentleman's head began to wag more rapidly, and Lily noticed that he was holding his newspaper upside down.

"He's breaking fast," Mr. Ranns mentioned confidentially, as, the interview being over, he conducted Lily down stairs, "but he's as good as gold. Wonderful man of business in his time, my dear. He'd get up at six o'clock and ship two tons of goods to the colonies before breakfast, but he's a little out of date now, and when you come back from school you mustn't be surprised to see Ranns & Eldred over the door, late Cutwig & Co. Unless," he continued in a contemplative undertone, "Ranns turns into Eldred, and Eldred into Ranns."

It was four o'clock when they reached the shop again. Lily's outfit was quite completed, and she sat down meekly on her trunk, and waited for about half an hour longer, when a grand carriage came driving furiously to the door, and a powdered footman (there were two behind the carriage) descended and handed out Lily's protectress. The child saw the lady turn on the threshold as she entered and wave her hand in token of farewell to an old gentleman in the carriage. He was a splendid gentleman, with a fringe of white whisker round his face, and Lily somehow fancied that she had seen him before. Was it at the Greenwich dinner yesterday?

The handsome lady was radiant. Lily had never seen her look so good-tempered. She was pleased with every thing, and, to Miss Eldred, was positively civil. Mr. Ranns handed her, with a low bow, the invoice for the child's outfit. The lady, just glancing at the sum total, instantly, and without question, disbursed the amount in crisp bank-notes. Then a hackney-coach was called, and the trunk hoisted on to it, and Lily herself was lifted into the vehicle.

The coach was just driving away, when Mr. Ranns, bearing a package which seemed to be a small canoe wrapped in brown paper, came running to the coach door.

"Beg pardon for the liberty, ma'am," he said, deferentially, "but would you allow this parcel to be put into the coach? Miss Floris is such a dear little girl, and we forgot to take off five per cent discount for cash. It's only a Noah's ark, with Cutwig & Co's compliments. And Mr. Ranns ran back again as hard as he could into Cutwig & Co's premises: thus obviating the possibility of the lady indignantly declining the present, or launching the canoe bodily at his head.

But the lady didn't decline it. She was in far too good a temper to do that. In fact, she condescended to tell Lily that it was kind, really very kind, of the people in the shop; and she so smiled on her, and looked generally so splendid and so benignant, that the child gazed upon her face with an admiring awe, as though she had been an animated rainbow.

"What do you think of *that*, little one?" she said, in a triumphant voice, flashing before the child's eyes a great bracelet which encircled her wrist, and which blazed with diamonds. When suddenly she descried something shining in Lily's hand. It was the new shilling from the Mint.

The child, blushing and stammering, explained that the nice old gentleman with the powdered head had given it her, and that she had at first hesitated to take it, but that the other gentleman had told her to take it. The lady was in great wrath, snatched the coin from her, and flung it out of the coach window.

"I've a good mind to throw the Noah's ark after it," she cried with a furious look. "You mean little wretch. Ma foi, you begin early to be a beggar. You have thief's blood in you. He would take any thing, that base monster;" and she went on scolding Lily, but in a rambling incoherent manner, for full five minutes. Her good temper was all gone.

By-and-by they came to Thames Street, which was full, as it always is, of carts, and drays, and barrels, and sugar-loaves, and piles of dried haddocks, and dirt, and clamor. And there, at the entrance to a narrow lane, stood an individual in a suit of oilskin, who was crying at the top of his voice, "The Bolong steamer! The Bolong steamer! This way to the Bolong steamer!" till he almost deafened Lily.

There was a porter waiting by the side of this individual, and he had a truck and some luggage on it. The luggage belonged to the lady. The porter touched his cap, and assisted the coachman to remove Lily's trunk to the truck, which he trundled down a steep passage and along a wooden pier, and so on board a ship, much larger than the steamer in which Lily had gone to Greenwich. The deck was covered with people, luggage, and merchandise. Every body was running about in the most distracted manner, and a great bell kept ding-donging furiously. Then a rope fell across Lily's feet and hurt her toes, and the steam began to make a hideous noise, and the funnel began to vomit great masses of black smoke, and the captain, who stood on a bridge above the deck, gave a number of orders in a hoarse voice, which a dirty boy who stood below him repeated in a shrill one. And then the wharf and the warehouses beyond it, and the people upon it, all seemed to be moving away; but it was the steamer itself, and its crew, and Lily, who were moving.

She was on board the *Harlequin* steam-packet bound for Boulogne. The shore drifted away from her; the last sound she heard on shore was the voice of the porter, with whom the lady had had a trifling dispute respecting payment, and who was shaking his fist at her and bawling out:

"You call yourself a lady! You call yourself a lady! Yah!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his divinity. "Alas!" cried he, "I flattered her until she got too proud to speak to me."

"I say, Bill, what do those chaps mean by an accordion?" "Don't you know? Why, it's an edicated bellows."

"Pa, has Mr. Jones's eyes got feet?" "Why, my boy?" "Because I heard mother say at a party the other evening that Mr. Jones's eyes followed her all over the room."

Mr. Home, the medium, states that before his expulsion from Rome he was required to sign the following declaration in the presence of the Chief of the Inquisition: "I, Daniel Douglas Home, do hereby solemnly declare and avow that I have not sold my soul to the Devil, nor have I on any occasion been cognizant of holding communication with the Evil One."

What snows does summer never melt?—The snows of age.

A reformed gambler says that he who lives by the card may die by the cord.

There is no danger of hard times among the shoemakers, because every shoe is soled before it can be got ready for the market.

"Don't put too much confidence in a lover's vows and sighs," said Mrs. Partington to her niece. "Let him tell you that you have lips like strawberries and cream, cheeks like a tarnation, and an eye like an asterisk; but such things oftener come from a tender head than a tender heart."

How many parts of speech are there?—It depends upon the speaker, who may sometimes divide his speech into several parts, and sometimes show a total want of parts in speaking it.

"Pray, Sir," said a young belle to the clerk of a circulating library, "have you *Man as he is?*" "No, miss," replied he, "but we have *Woman as she should be!*"

Men slip on water when it is frozen, and on whisky when it isn't.

So long as a woman loves she loves right on, steadily. A man has to do something between whiles.

A lady of somewhat dignified demeanor, having lost her way, said to an urchin in the street, "Boy, I want to go to Bond Street." "Well, marm," replied the boy, coolly walking on, "why don't you go there then?"

Many a judge has passed hundreds of sentences who could never parse one.

An offender fined a second time is not necessarily refined.

A man hearing of another who was a hundred years old, said, contemptuously, "Pshaw! what a fuss about nothing! Why, if *my* grandfather was alive he would now be a hundred and fifty years old."

The last case of indolence is that of a man named John Hole, who was so lazy that in writing his name he simply used the letter "J," and then punched a hole through the paper.

A farmer in a village in Hampshire was invited to attend a party at the Squire's the other evening, when there was music, both vocal and instrumental. On the following morning he met one of the guests, who said, "Well, farmer, how did you enjoy yourself last night? were not the quartettes excellent?" "Why, really, Sir, I can't say," said he, "for I didn't taste 'em; but the pork chops were the finest I ever did eat."

"Our Mutual Friend"—Charles Dickens, of course.

A teacher, one day, endeavoring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb, said, "A passive verb is expressive of the nature of receiving an action, as Peter is beaten. Now, what did Peter do?" The boy, pausing a moment, with the gravest countenance imaginable, replied, "Well, I don't know, without he hollered."

Queen Elizabeth said, "Anger makes dull men witty, but it keep them poor."

What weapon of war is an angry lover like?—A cross-bow (beau).

An old woman in Yorkshire crossed a bridge that was marked as "dangerous," without seeing the sign. On being informed of the fact on the other side of the river, she turned about and immediately recrossed.

Ill temper puts as many briefs into the lawyer's bag as injustice.

"Mr. Smith," said the counsel, "you say you once officiated in a pulpit—do you mean that you preached?" "No, Sir; I held the candle for a man who did." "Ah, the court understood you differently. They supposed that the discourse came from you." "No, Sir; I only throwed a light on it."

Why is a butcher's cart like his boots?—Because he carries his calves there.

"Have the jury agreed?" asked the bailiff of a locked-up set of twelve, whom he had left under care of his man, Denny Garry, and whom he met upon the stairs with a can in his hand. "Oh yes," replied Denny, "they have agrade to sind out for another half-gallon."

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why are the fixed stars like wicked old men?
Because they sin-till-late (scintillate).

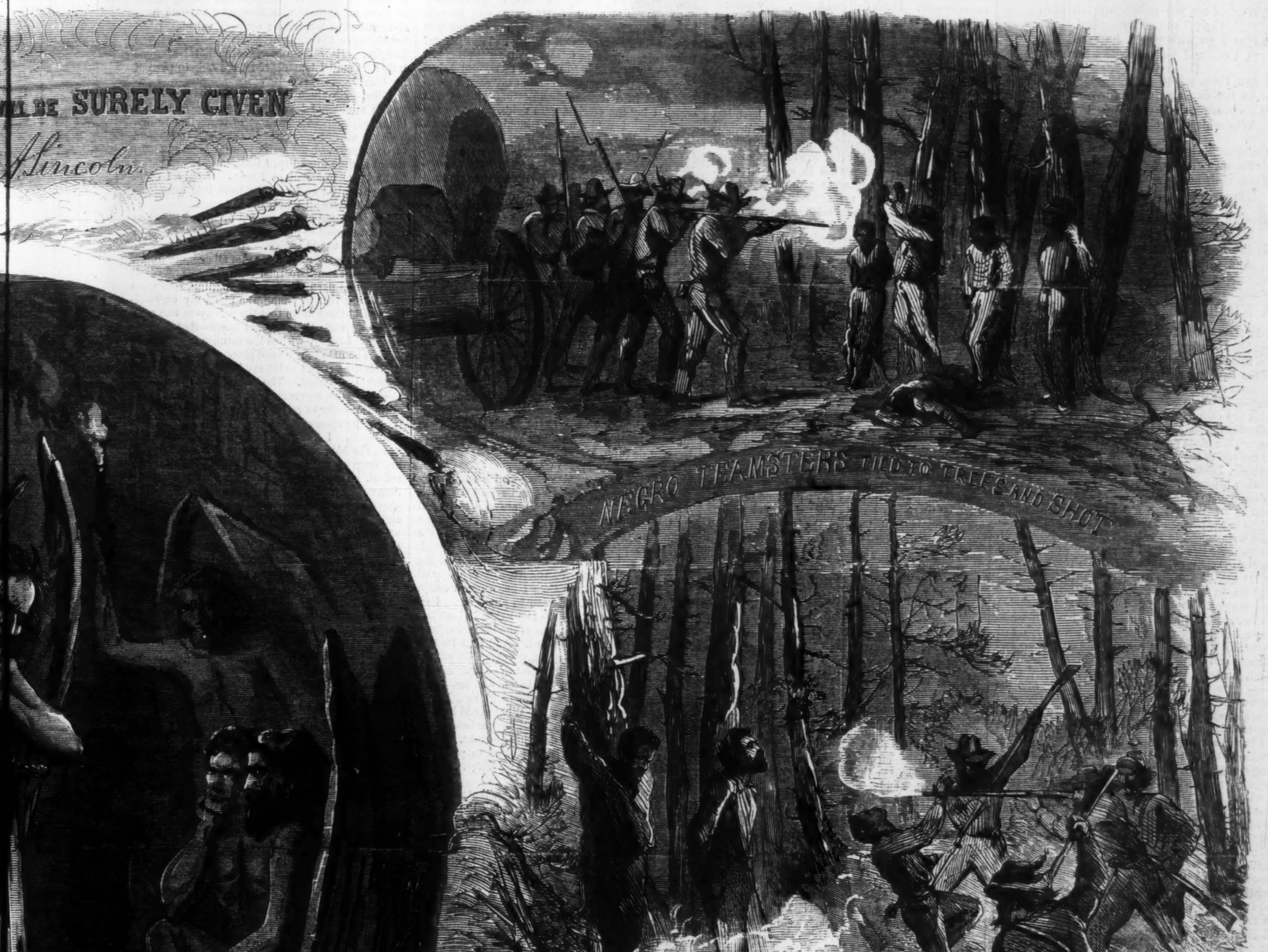
The name of a fish not very uncommon,
The pride and the boast of a young married woman.
Her-ring.

Why is a man in search of the philosopher's stone like Neptune?
He is sea-king (seeking) what never was.

We hear of the mother of pearl, who was the father?
The venerable bead (Bede).

Why is a married man without any children like a bald man?
Because he has no hair (heir) apparent.

REBEL ATROCITIES.—[



ES.—[See Page 334.]

GOING NOWHERE.

"Where are you going, my fair one?"
  "Nowhere," she softly replied.
"May I go with you?" he asked her.
  A look, and he walked by her side.

I saw them go off together—
  In the darkness disappear.
"They are going straight to their ruin!"
  Was whispered close to my ear.

Oh, Parents! with sons and daughters,
  Be sure they have Somewhere to go.
From their homes teach them never to wander
  Through the mazes of Vanity's Show.

Beware lest, in going Nowhere,
  They come to a life of shame.
It lies in your fireside teachings,
  And with you rests all the blame.

A NIGHT'S LODGING IN PARIS.

In 18—, before I had taken my degree at Oxford, and before, by my uncle's death, I had succeeded to the title, I made arrangements to spend the whole of the long vacation abroad. I was by no means desirous of a solitary journey, and was glad to find that ——, whose rooms were on the same staircase with my own at Brasenose, and with whom I was tolerably intimate, was also meditating a continental tour. We made arrangements for starting together at the end of the summer term, and in order to lose no time, I determined not to go into Scotland to my mother before my departure, but to travel as quickly as possible to Dover. —— had as little to detain him as I. We slept a night in the capital, and a night in the port, and three days after leaving Oxford were lodged in the Hotel Dessin. Neither of us had ever left England before, and we were both full of the spirit of enjoyment. We reached Paris, still together, but the first fortnight of our journey had taught us that we were not very well suited for companions. It was my delight to stop to sketch some tawny old market-woman, in her stiff white cap; I could spend a whole day in a church, and have still somewhere a port-folio full of corbels and screens and cornices, marked St. Omer, Lille, Cambrai, Amiens, and other places of smaller note. —— grew terribly tired of all this. He said the scenery was detestable, he thought all the churches were shockingly out of repair, and was anxious to hasten his arrival in the French metropolis. But in Paris we were separated more than ever. In addition to the incongruity of our tastes, political feeling tended to keep us apart. We both had a fair number of introductions to families moving in good society. The friends who were most pleased with ——, and with whom —— was most pleased, though by birth entitled to hold their heads as high as any of the blue-blooded inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Germain, had been induced to give their countenance—so they regarded the transaction—to the court of the Citizen King. An old friend of my mother's, married to a Marquis de ——, who took me under her especial protection, assured me that it was impossible for the loyal hearts who still cherished love and hope for the (temporarily) fallen cause of the white flag to associate with those who had degraded their race by recognizing the position of a usurpation as detestable as it would be ephemeral. I confess that I cared very little whether the older or younger branch of the Bourbons issued the invitations for the assemblies at the Tuileries, and I had small hopes that Charles X. would be recalled. But I grew to like Madame de ——, and, as a necessary consequence, formed different acquaintances from those of my fellow-traveler. We had been in Paris about three weeks, and though we were staying in the same hotel, I had not seen —— for several days. We met by accident on the staircase of the hotel.

"We are quite strangers; where are you going?"

"To call on Madame de ——."

"What! still the legitimist Marquise! Shall we dine together?"

"By all means. Meet me here at six."

—— agreed, and so we parted. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon.

The day was intensely hot. Reflected backward and forward on the white stone house-fronts the sun's rays seemed to scorch up all that was breathable in the atmosphere. The stones of the streets were hot to the tread. I entered the gardens of the Tuileries, hoping to find some slight shade for my dazzled eyes. I know of few scenes brighter than those Tuileries gardens. The water was mounting and falling with its musical plash in the shallow basin, wherein two little boys, under the superintendence of a black-eyed bonne, were swimming their toy-boats. More children and more nurses were playing among the orange-trees. Two or three National Guards were lounging about. Nor were other uniforms wanting to give color to the picture. The tri-colored bunting flapped lazily over the dome of the palace. A man in a queer snuffy-brown coat walked by: he had on green spectacles, and his button-hole showed a shred of ribbon. I sat for perhaps twenty minutes listening idly to the plashing fountain, wondering whether Auguste or Jules—he must have been either Auguste or Jules—would get his boat within reach by judiciously shelling over it with pebbles, fancying now Napoleon pinching some honored ear, or the longed-for Louis dozing over his favorite Horace in that very garden, watching the figure of the man in the brown coat and the green spectacles, growing "fine by degrees" in the narrowing vista of trees. Then I thought of Madame de —— and my visit; but remembered that it would be more decorously paid in the evening than in the afternoon. What should I do with myself? I felt strangely disinclined to move. And my head? What is it that seems to weigh it down? Is it the sun and the heat? I never felt any thing like it before. The pain attacked me suddenly. Pain! It was hardly pain. Perhaps the sensation can not be described to those who have not felt it. I had suffered from violent headache for some days; but my head did not ache now. It felt dull and heavy. My natural impulse was to lift my hand to my brow. I willed the movement of my arm, if I may so express myself; but no movement resulted. I had no power to stir. I then became sensible that my respiration grew feebler, and that there was a kind of lull in the pulsation of my heart. It is difficult for me, as I have said already, to describe my condition. I can only say that I seemed suddenly to have less life in me; my vital powers seemed to dwindle down to the smallest possible force. I existed, because I was conscious, but that was all. My senses remained to me; but not all in equal strength. The plashing of the fountain was as distinct as before the paroxysm; my eyesight was slightly dimmed. Whether I could smell or taste, of course I could not tell. Of touch I had hardly any sense at all. There were a score of people within the sound of my voice. I willed to cry; but there was no sound. My tongue refused to articulate. I was horror-struck; but I was sensible of none of the usual symptoms of horror. My heart did not beat more quickly. I could feel no sweat on my brow. Was this death? No; it could not surely be death. I had all my wits about me; and all my impressions were mundane. The life of Paris was moving round me just as it was wont. I alone was motionless. Then there flashed across me the recollection of a strange tale of cataleptic seizure, in which my grandfather's name had figured. I remembered that my mother had seemed distressed that the subject should be mentioned; the guest who had made casual allusion to it turned the conversation, and I had really thought little more about the matter. I remembered two mysterious expressions in the letters which I had received from my mother immediately before my departure from England—expressions which, when read in the light of my present brief experience, led me to the opinion that my family must be cursed by some fearful hereditary evil, an evil which my mother had never yet dared to communicate to me. "I am very anxious," she had written, "about your journey. Of course you will not travel alone. Who is to be your companion? Do I know him? I know that you like society, my dear boy, and I should be sorry to think of your wandering through strange cities alone. Nothing is more melancholy. Pray let me know if you are intimate with your proposed *compagnon de voyage*, and if you are likely to remain together for the whole of your tour." All these thoughts flashed through my brain in a very few seconds. I knew that I must have fallen into a kind of trance. I felt horror and alarm, of a vague and indefinite kind; but I also felt intense curiosity.

I was sitting on a seat with a back to it, a few feet removed from the main alley of the garden. My arms were folded, my head was slightly drooped on my breast, my legs were crossed. There was nothing in my attitude to attract attention, so I sat rigid and immovable for what seemed to me an age. I imagined all kinds of possible terminations of my adventure. I should be found, of course. I should be carried to my hotel; doctors would be sent for, I should learn what was the matter, and I should probably recover; these fits were rarely of long duration. Carried to my hotel! They would find my pocket-book in my pocket, containing letters addressed à Monsieur ——, Hotel de ——. Would they? Was my pocket-book in its place? I could not feel. Suppose the pocket-book was left, as was sometimes the case, in another coat? What other means of identification would remain? A seal with a coat of arms on it, a hat with an English maker's name; neither of much use in Paris. But what matter was it who I was, or where I lived? I should of course be taken to the Hotel Dieu. What will they do to me, I wonder? Will they—ha! what was that?

"Qu'est ce que tu fais donc, petit méchant! Demande pardon à ce Monsieur que tu as—"

It was the bonne who spoke. Alphonse, or Jules, in his infantile gyrations, had stumbled against me. He knocked one leg off the other, and the shock threw me into a posture so obtrusively unnatural that I could not longer remain unnoticed. The nurse stopped short in her expostulation.

"Mais, mon Dieu! Il est mort!"

"No, I am not dead, I thought; but I am very glad that you have found out that I am not wholesomely alive. Now I shall be properly cared for. In a very few moments I was the centre of a small crowd, and presently two or three gens d'armes shouldered their way through the starers. They lifted me up, and laid me along the bench. I felt—no, I did not feel; I was aware that I was quite stiff. One of them put his hand on my breast and held it there a while.

Presently the little group of by-standers, at command of an official, fell back some paces, and a search was commenced in my pockets for some name or address. I was excited by the thought of this search. You see how difficult it is for me to express myself. I can not say "I trembled," "I held my breath," "my pulse beat quicker;" there was no palpable evidence of my agitation. But I was excited.

They fumbled, finding only a watch, but no portemonnaie, grumbling among themselves thereat.

No, there was no pocket-book. My heart sank; at least I felt as though my heart ought to have sunk. I can not tell how long this search occupied. My consciousness seemed now to become a little duller. Not by any means lost: only a little less acute than in ordinary life. In the mean while a stretcher had been brought to the ground. I was lifted thereon, something was put over my face, and they bore me away. I could hear the fountain plashing, and the many children's voices ringing through the avenues. Oh that I could have spoken! Oh for power to say but one word!

We passed out of the garden; I could not be sure in which direction. By the noise of traffic I perceived that we entered the crowded street. Presently we stopped; a door was opened and shut, and the hum of the moving world ceased. I was sensible that I was no longer being carried along, and guessed aright that I was in some office of the police. Here, I thought, the worst of my troubles must end. They will send for a doctor; he will know of the probable duration of the fit, and will take such measures as will mollify its most painful symptoms, or perhaps release me from it altogether. From the confused murmur of several voices in conversation which sounded in my ears, I gathered that in a room communicating with that in which I lay the officials were deliberating on my condition. I could not distinguish the words. Presently the voices grew plainer, and the speakers were evidently approaching. The face-cloth was removed. There were the same gens d'armes who had discovered me in the garden, accompanied by several more. And with them—yes, there was no doubt of it—with them entered the little old gentleman in the brown coat and green spectacles, whom I remembered to have seen before my seizure. This, then, was the long-desired physician; he would tell these blunderers that I was not dead.

"He is stiff already. Such is not unfrequently the case in disease of the heart. I should have believed him dead before the hour which you say. In the garden of the Tuileries? I made there a promenade myself this afternoon. And neither name nor address? That is droll. Ah! it is already six hours! And I am invited to dine in a quarter of an hour! Poor young man! Close his eyelids, Louis; they have an expression quite living. Monsieur will permit me to sign the procés-verbal without delay? Let us go."

So much for my hopes of the doctor! And then an authoritative voice said, "Vous le porterez là bas tout de suite, Louis."

A door shut, and there was silence.

I began now to realize the awful horror of my position. Officially declared to be dead, I experienced all those emotions which are said to be felt by the dying in cases where an accident plunges them from the enjoyment of health and life to the immediate prospect of passing to another world. My past actions rose in swift succession in my thoughts. I reflected on the frivolity of many of my occupations, on the time I had thrown away, and the small use I had been to any body. I remembered that my mother's last letter, full, as were all her letters, of expressions of the fondest endearment, had not been answered. And that lie that I had told at school!—and my young life cut off horribly and mysteriously, none to be near me dying, none to know what had become of me. And ——, he would be waiting to dine with me. Where would he dine? I wondered. What would he do to find me? Perhaps I might yet recover before—before what? Frightful, damning thought. I was dead; I should be buried. I tried to pray. It was not death I feared, I said to myself; it was the manner of death.

Yet through all this I must confess that my agony was not so intense as now, knowing the circumstances in which I was placed, I should suppose it might have been. From apathy or hope my mind was very calm, and I was very curious. I speculated on what would befall me almost as though I had been the unconcerned spectator of the adventures of another.

And what did "*là bas*" mean? The voice of authority had spoken of carrying me "*là bas*." The door opened again. My eyelids were closed now, and I could not see who entered. I need hardly say that I could not open my eyes. The voices were none of those which I had already heard. I was lifted again. The sounds of the street fell on my ear with a sound slightly dulled, and I felt that I was covered with some kind of cloth. My bearers walked for some ten or fifteen minutes. There was a fresh sound of opening and shutting doors, and I was thrown rudely on some hard surface; not laid decently as I had been in the office of the gens d'armes, but thrown down like a worthless burden. Could I complain? Was I not officially dead?

But what was this? I felt rough pecks at my arms and legs. I was being stripped of my clothes. Was this for the coffin? I thought now that all was over, and I felt weary and confused. A partial blunting of my senses spared me much of the pain I must otherwise have suffered. I waited, still perfectly conscious of all that was going on around me, as far as any one can be conscious of what he does not see, and wondering what would happen next. I was stripped of my clothes—stripped entirely. Then I was carried through another door. A faint and sickly stench immediately smote my sense of smell. I was laid down on my back on an inclined surface, my head somewhat higher than my feet. A horrible chill ran through me. Was this the grave? I could not tell. Nothing covered me, with the exception of a cloth which had been thrown over my loins. Was I in a coffin, waiting for a pauper's burial on the morrow? O God! to what should I awake!

No. It could not be the grave. It must be—the thought flashed across me in an instant. How came it that I had not thought of it before? That of course was the destination of the unclaimed dead. That of course was what was meant by the *là bas* of the gendarme. I was in the Morgue!

You may think it strange, but my first feeling was one of relief. To be buried alive was my great dread. That fate was certainly postponed. Perhaps I might be saved from it altogether. So for some time I lay congratulating myself on the renewed probability of my safety. I should lie here, perhaps, for days. It would be remarked that my body showed no signs of decomposition. Possibly —— would seek me in this grim receptacle of the dead. At any rate, there was hope. Should I starve to death? No; surely in cases of catalepsy the appetite is all but dead. The little life left in the body requires but little sustenance. At least, I felt no hunger. There was hope!

Then came a reaction. This horrible place that I was in! and I bound hand and foot, as tightly as Lazarus in his grave-clothes. A deadly cold seemed to chill all my frame. And always that faint fetid stench telling me of my—hideous thought!—of my companions. I was not alone. I began to speculate on the appearance of the place. I had heard what it was like. I had never seen it. I pictured to myself the maimed and rotting corpse of some unhappy suicide, recovered too late from the current of the Seine; for such suicides, I had heard, were the most frequent denizens of the Morgue. How close was I to that loathsome body? Could I touch it if I were able to put out my hand?

Filled with these fearful fancies, I hoped that the fit might not leave me till it was day. My blind helplessness was a sort of protection to me. To have all my horrors of life restored to me, and to be imprisoned for hours in that hideous place, would kill me in reality, I thought. It was better to lie there impotent as I was. If only I could sleep; if only I could escape from that consciousness which was all that was left to me.

I lay tortured and distracted by these reflections for what seemed to me to be many hours. Soon, I expected, it would be day. And then?

But now a strange shiver shot all over my frame. The blood seemed to rush to my head and fill it with violent darting pains. A tingling, somewhat resembling that of cramp, ran along my extremities. Did these mean that the paroxysm was coming to an end—that I could move—that I could speak? I hardly wished the surmise to be true, as yet. The pain in my head grew more acute. Instinctively I willed to lift my hand, and press it on my aching forehead. The limb obeyed the volition.

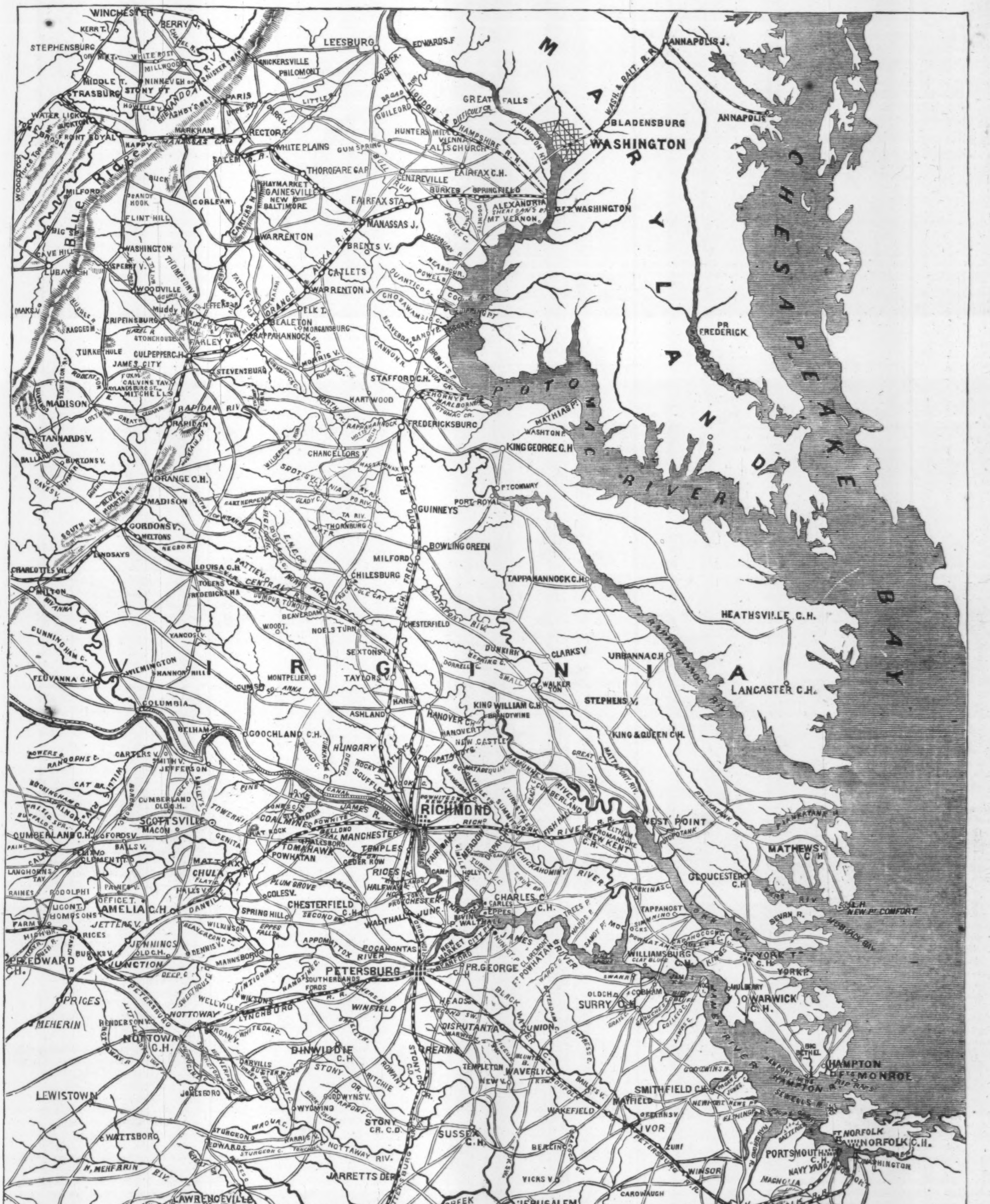
Though this movement of my arm came to me as a kind of order of release, I yet hesitated to make trial of my recovered powers. I still kept my eyelids down. I held my hand fixed on my brow. Then the idea sprang up in my brain of using all my force to try to effect my escape from my foul prison. I made a low sound with my voice. I then muttered several articulate words. My tongue obeyed me. I moved my arm to my side again, and raised one of my legs. The pain in my head was less. The shivering had altogether ceased. Still I was affected by a strange weariness—a disinclination to use the smallest exertion. Courage! I thought; up, and save yourself! I slowly opened my eyes. A little light from a dull moon struggled in through a sky-light over my head, and by its help I could distinguish with tolerable clearness the aspect of my lodging. Immediately in front of me it shimmered on panes of glass. Through these, as I surmised, my friends would seek me. It fell on some six or seven hard cold beds of stone or metal, like the slabs in a fishmonger's shop. On several it showed nothing but the smooth shining surface. On two others, besides my own, it rested with a dull gleam on Something that had once contained the spirit of a man. One of these corpses looked little more deadly than I did myself. It was lying next to my own couch; and I could clearly see the fair and gentle features of a well-looking lad of some fifteen or sixteen years, drowned, in all likelihood, in the river that ran behind me. His face showed few or no signs of a violent death. A slight abrasion on his cheek-bone was all the disfigurement. His close-cropped curly hair looked full of life, and his lips were almost smiling. The other body was as far removed from me as the size of the room would permit. I could just see a mass of bloated and discolored flesh. The moon seemed to make a kind of foul halo over its misshapen outline. The stench of the dead smote my nostrils again, and I turned to the wall with a shudder. I looked behind me. There all the clothes of the dead were hanging, waiting the recognition of the interested, or the criticisms and jests of the inquisitive. I now rose, and, groping among my own, partly dressed myself with as little delay as possible, for I was bitterly cold. But I did this with difficulty; I was very weak. Now, I thought, is there any one near me who will hear me cry out? The work-people will probably be soon going out to their labor; or, perhaps, some gendarme is left to watch in the precincts of this place. What time was it, exactly? I wondered. I felt for my watch in my pockets, but it was not to be found. Then I tried the door; locked tight: the windows; fast too. Here my strength failed me. I tried to knock on the panes of glass, but I felt myself sinking to the ground. I tried to call aloud, but my cry was very feeble. After this, I remember nothing more of the night. Worn out with pain and anxiety, utterly exhausted by the attack to which I had been subjected, I became totally insensible.

When I came to myself again it was broad daylight. I found myself lying crouched up in a corner of the room. I lifted my eyes for a moment to the bodies on the two occupied slabs, with a strange fancy that they, too, might have been shut up alive. The corpse of the youth was just as it had been in the night, lying as if asleep. And the other? How should that be again a receptacle of life? Bronzed and swollen, it was a loathsome sight to see. For an instant I said, "It is the body of a negro." It was no negro: it had not that black skin in life.

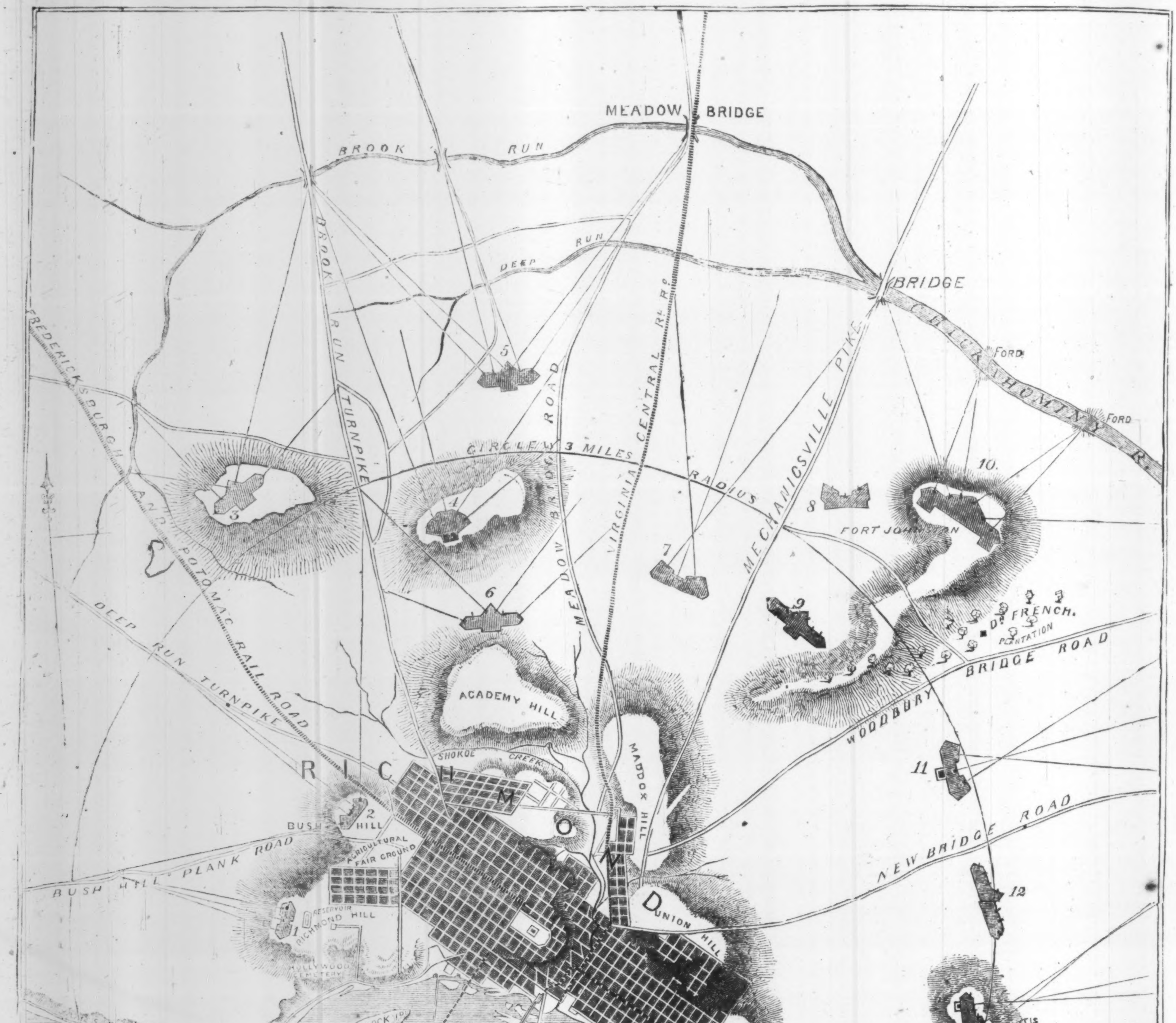
At last a key rattled in a lock. The functionary in charge of the establishment opened a door, not the door of the part of the room in which were the bodies, but a door opening into the little passage behind the windows. I could see him through the panes of glass, proceeding along the passage; but he did not turn his head. I made as loud a cry as my strength would allow. He was just disappearing through the farther door, when he suddenly turned and looked through the glass. Under any other circumstances I should have smiled at the man's expression of ludicrous perplexity. His eyes opened to their utmost extent, and he nervously twisted his finger in an end of his mustache. I beckoned feebly with my hand. In another minute he was by my side.

"Mon Dieu! On ne sait jamais ce qui peut arriver! Cependant il a encore bien l'air d'étre un cadavre. Filons au moins de cette diable d'odeur."

Muttering these words between his teeth, he took hold of my hand, perceived in an instant how utterly weak and helpless I was, lifted me in his arms, and carried me out of the Morgue. I have never seen my one night's lodging since.



MAP OF VIRGINIA, SHOWING THE MILITARY OPERATIONS OF GENERALS GRANT AND BUTLER.



MAP OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, SHOWING ITS DEFENSES AND RAILROAD CONNECTIONS.—Drawn by Charles Sholl, Topographical Engineer.—[See Page 334.]

GEN. JAMES S. WADSWORTH.

GENERAL JAMES S. WADSWORTH, who fell at the head of his command in the battle of the 6th inst., in the Wilderness, beyond the Rapidan, was one of the first volunteers of the war. His first service in the field was under M'DOWELL at Bull Run. About the 1st of August, 1861, he was commissioned a Brigadier-General; and during the long drilling months which succeeded General M'CLELLAN's appointment to the command-in-chief General WADSWORTH won for himself the credit, among the most experienced army officers, of having his brigade, long before the close of the year, in the most efficient condition alike as to drill and discipline. In the spring of 1862 General WADSWORTH was appointed Military Governor of the District of Columbia; and on the advance of General M'CLELLAN to Manassas, and subsequently to the Peninsula, General WADSWORTH's command extended to Occoquan Bay. In the winter of 1862-3, after his defeat as candidate for Governor of New York, he passed several months in the field, and was engaged at the battle of Chancellorsville. He was charged later in the season with a mission to the Southwest and the Gulf States, in connection with the organization of colored troops; and his latest position was that of General of the Fourth Division of the Fifth Corps. He gave his sons as well as himself to the service of his country, and used his large means with the utmost liberality to aid the national cause. He was nearly fifty-seven years of age.

DESTRUCTION OF EAST TENNESSEE RAILROAD.

WE give on this page a sketch of the incident referred to in the following letter from a correspondent at Bull's Gap, Tennessee: "The First Brigade of the Third Division of the Twenty-third Army Corps started from camp on the morning of the 25th inst. to destroy the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, and returned last evening, having torn up the road for fifteen miles between Lick Creek and Greenville, burning every bridge and railroad tie, and bending every rail, so completely destroying the road that it can not be repaired in months. The Second Brigade left on Sunday morning to destroy the railroad bridge over Watauga River, fifty-four miles distant. The force had a fight with the enemy under 'MUDWALL' JACKSON, completely routing him, and on their way back burned all bridges and tore up the entire track. The sketch sent you was taken on the spot."

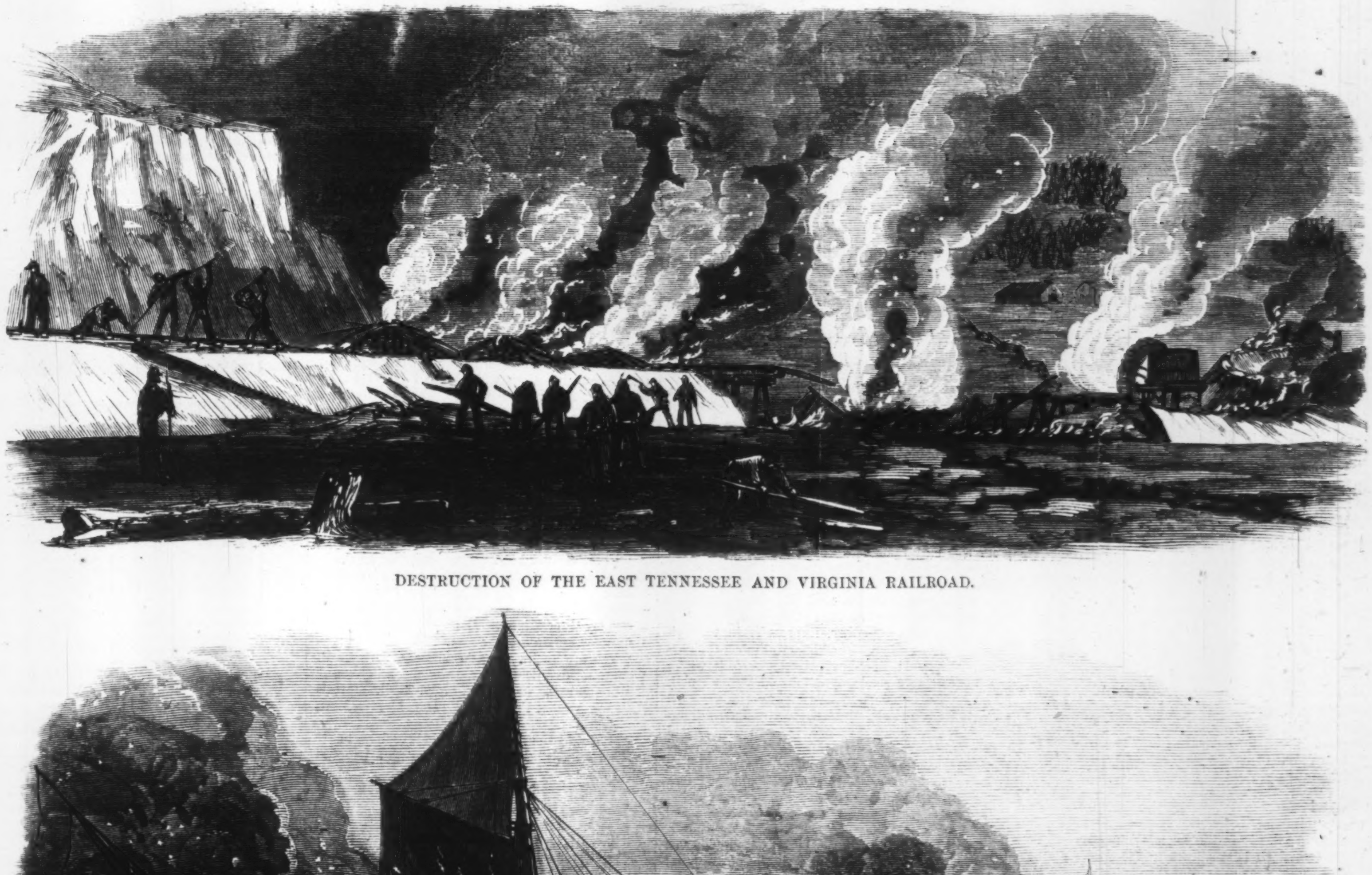
THE LATE GENERAL WADSWORTH.

DESTRUCTION OF SCHOONERS OFF HOMOSASSA RIVER.

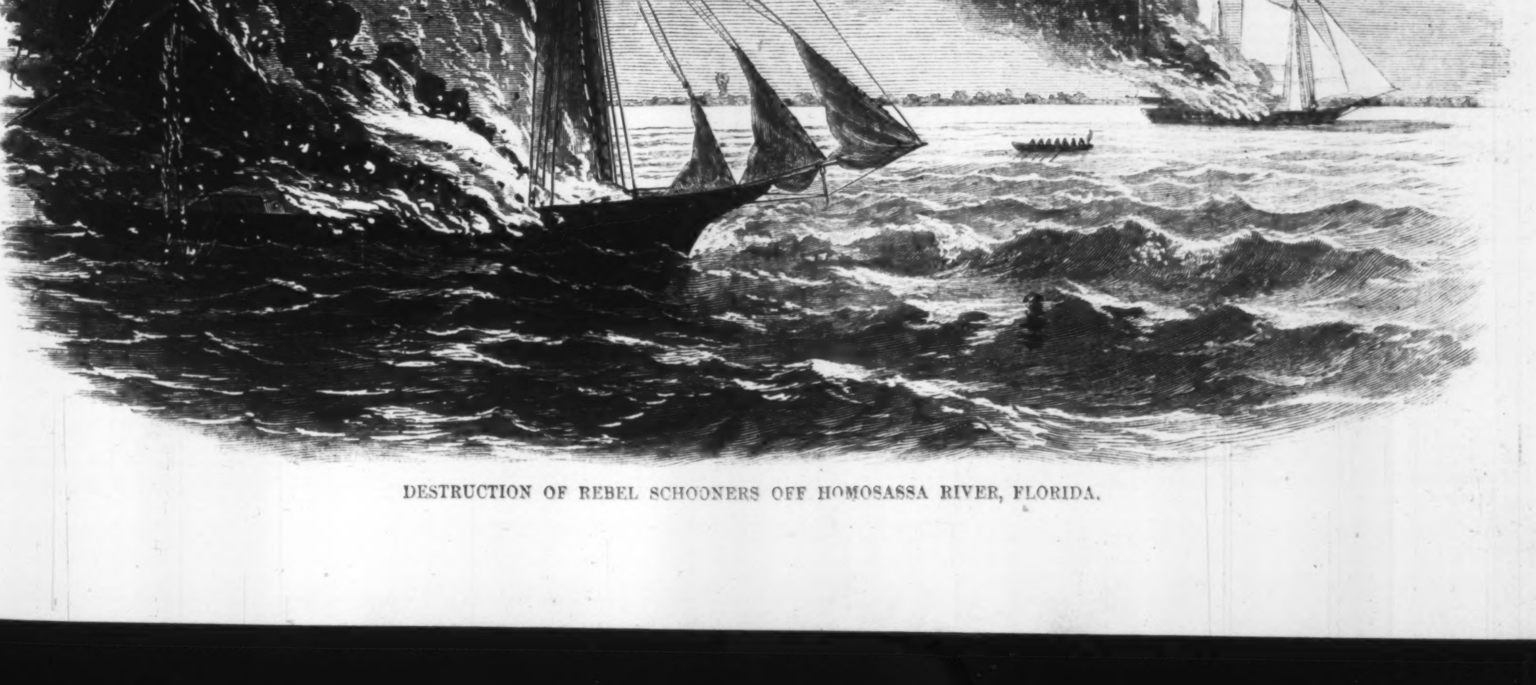
WE give below a sketch of the DESTRUCTION OF TWO REBEL SCHOONERS OFF HOMOSASSA RIVER, FLORIDA, by a boat's crew from the United States steamer *Sagamore*. A correspondent on board the *Sagamore* sends us the following account of the affair: "About three o'clock on the afternoon of April 1 we saw a schooner making in for one of the rivers to the southward of Cedar Keys, and immediately gave chase with the steamer; but soon shoaled our water so much that we had to come to anchor and send off boats. One boat soon distanced the others, finding two schooners instead of one. The crews of both had run them ashore and taken boats for Dixie. Our boats' crew soon had good fires going on both of them. The first one boarded was a 150-ton schooner with an assorted cargo, the other was a 70-ton schooner loaded with castor-oil and poor whisky."

GEN. SHERMAN'S ADVANCE.

THE view of BUZZARD'S ROOST, which we give on the first page, from a sketch made by THEO. R. DAVIS, is of particular interest at this time. Buzzard's Roost is a gap in Taylor's Ridge, which runs parallel with Pigeon Mountain, and is situated



DESTRUCTION OF THE EAST TENNESSEE AND VIRGINIA RAILROAD.



DESTRUCTION OF REBEL SCHOONERS OFF HOMOSASSA RIVER, FLORIDA.

between Tunnel Hill and Dalton, Georgia. The Roost forms a very strong natural defense, and in February last, at the time of General PALMER'S advance, the enemy were enabled, in the shelter of the gap, to offer a stubborn resistance with but little risk, while inflicting serious loss upon the assailants. Our picture will enable the reader to form a tolerably accurate idea of the character of the country in which General SHERMAN'S army is now operating.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA.

WE give on page 324 a sketch of the opening scene of the GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL in aid of the Sanitary Commission, in Philadelphia, on the night of the 4th instant. The feature of the occasion was the production of a new opera, "Notre-Dame of Paris," by WILLIAM H. FRY. The scene is described as most brilliant.

The festival which opened with this representation is the beginning of a series of entertainments preliminary to the great Sanitary Fair to be held in Philadelphia in June. This Fair promises to be the most magnificent and extensive yet held, and will add another substantial evidence to the many which that city has already furnished of unconditional loyalty to the Union, and profound sympathy with the wants and sufferings of those who are battling in its defense.

GENERAL BUTLER'S MOVEMENT.

WE give on page 325 two illustrations, representing the DEPARTURE OF THE UNION FLEET FROM NEWPORT NEWS, in the grand movement against Richmond, and the ARRIVAL OF GENERAL BUTLER'S ADVANCE AT CITY POINT. Our sketches were taken on the spot by a naval officer, and present an interesting view of the formidable character of General BUTLER'S movement.

REBEL ATROCITIES.

THE picture on pages 328 and 329 illustrative of the atrocities committed by the rebels upon Union troops, white and black, is of particular interest at this time. The scenes presented represent only a few of the sad facts which rebel inhumanity has forced into the history of the time, but they are significant types of the whole, while the design of the central scene most happily presents the origin of the black flag policy and the persons responsible for its adoption. All these butcheries are the result of the proclamation of JEFFERSON DAVIS, issued December 23, 1862, in which he declared, "That all negro slaves captured in arms be at once delivered over to the Executive authorities of the respective States to which they belong, to be dealt with according to the laws of said States. That the like orders be executed in all cases with respect to all commissioned officers of the United States when found serving in company with said slaves in insurrection against the authorities of the different States of this Confederacy." Under this proclamation the rebels proceeded to act at the first opportunity. At Galveston, January 1, 1863, part of a Massachusetts regiment was captured, and the rebels took two negroes, free-born citizens of Massachusetts, residents of Norfolk county in that State, and sold them into Slavery. Near the end of that month, twenty teamsters driving a wagon train of General ROSECRANS'S were captured near Murfreesboro, Tennessee, tied to the trees by the road-side, and shot. In May, two negroes in the service and uniform of the United States were captured on picket at Port Hudson and forthwith hanged. On the 27th of May, the first assault on Port Hudson was delivered, and many of the negro troops fighting with great courage were wounded and fell into rebel hands. Of these, some were murdered on the spot in the sight of their comrades. On the 6th of June there was an engagement at Milliken's Bend between about 200 negro troops and an overpowering force of rebels. A large number of the negroes were murdered on the field after they had surrendered. Some of them were shot. Some were put to death by the bayonet. Some were crucified and burned. Of those whom this last fate befell, several were white officers in command of the negro troops. And so at all points the work of butchery went on, culminating finally in the wholesale massacre at Fort Pillow, which is still fresh in the public recollection. The incident presented in one of our sketches —General FORREST murdering the servant of a Union officer—occurred about two years since, and is thus stated by Major-General STANLEY:

About the middle of the summer of 1862, FORREST surprised the post of Murfreesboro, commanded by Brigadier-General T. T. CRITTENDEN, of Indiana. The garrison was composed mostly of the Ninth Michigan and Second Minnesota Infantry and the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry. After some little fighting the troops were surrendered. A mulatto man, who was a servant of one of the officers of the Union forces, was brought to FORREST on horseback. The latter inquired of him, with many oaths, "what he was doing there?" The mulatto answered that he was a free man, and came out as a servant to an officer—naming the officer. FORREST, who was on horseback, deliberately put his hand to his holter, drew his pistol, and blew the man's brains out. The rebel officer stated that the mulatto man came from Pennsylvania, and the same officer denounced the act as one of cold-blooded murder, and declared he would never again serve under FORREST.

The treatment of our prisoners at Belle Isle and in Southern prisons is well known to the public, and need not be referred to here.

MAP OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

WE give on page 332 a MAP OF RICHMOND AND ITS ENVIRONS, showing the fortifications erected by the rebels for its defense, and its railroad connections. Only two of the forts are named; the others are known by their numbers. It will be seen that on the south side the city is comparatively unprotected.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

SAY, when the infant sleeps its wakeless sleep,
Its life-blood cold—its heart can beat no more—
Its little eyes, 'erst bright, with hazy film
Are clouded o'er—
Say, is this death?
No! it is only sleep.

Say, when the warrior sinks upon the field,
The hard-fought battle o'er, his duty done,
The last wild cry that strikes upon his ear—
"The fight is won!"
Say, is this death?
No! it is only sleep.

Say, when the old man having run his race,
And seen his friendships fade and loves decay,
Life's evening closes, and in Heaven awaits
A brighter day—
Say, is this death?
No! it is only sleep.

Say, when the heart is fresh, and love's young dream
Together binds two hearts, two souls, two lives,
The loved one perishes, one memory lives,
One heart survives—
Say, what is this?
Ah! this is truly death!

SURPRISED.

"TICKET, Sir, if you please!"

Between dusk and daylight—the warm gold of the sunset sky just fading into crimson, and the Express Train thundering over the iron track like some strong, furious demon. Carll Silver became dimly conscious of these things as he started from a brief, restless slumber, wherein his knapsack had served as pillow, and stared vaguely into the sharp Yankee face of the obdurate conductor.

"Ticket! I suppose I've such a thing about me," he muttered, drowsily, searching first one pocket and then the other. "Oh, here it is! I say, Conductor, are we near New York?"

"Twenty minutes or so will bring us into Jersey City, Sir—we're making pretty good time."

And the sharp-faced official passed on, to harass the next unfortunate man who had neglected to put his ticket in his hat-band; while Captain Silver dragged himself into a sitting posture, putting his two hands back of his head with a portentous yawn, and smiled to remember the fantastic dreams that had chased one another through his brain during that half-hour of cramped, uneasy slumber from which the conductor's challenge had roused him—dreams in which bloody battle-fields and lonely night-marches had blended oddly with sweet home-voices, and the sulphureous breath of artillery had mingled with violet scents from the twilight woods around, and gusts of sweetness from tossing clouds of peach-blooms, through which the flying Express Train shot remorselessly.

And then Carll Silver began to think of other things.

"Conductor!" whispered the fat old lady opposite, in the bombazine bonnet and snuff-colored shawl.

"Yes 'm," said the man of tickets, stopping abruptly in his transit through the cars, and inclining his ear.

"That young man in the military cap, Conductor—I hope he ain't an escaped lunatic dressed up in soldier's clothes. I've heerd o' such things. And I don't a bit like the way he keeps grinnin' to himself and rubbin' his two hands together. He's acted queer all day—and I'm travelin' all alone, Conductor!"

The conductor laughed and passed on. The old lady bridled in offended dignity. Bless her anxious heart! how was she to know that Captain Silver was only rejoicing in the thoughts of the glorious "surprise" he had in store for his mother and dimple-faced sister that night? Was it not a year—twelve long, long months—since he had looked upon their faces last? And now—

Oh, speed on your way, Express Train, through quiet villages where daffodils sprinkle all the gardens with gold! Speed over the sloping hills, where springing grass sends up a faint, delicious smell, and brooks babble under swinging willows—past lonely church-yards, where the white hands of innumerable grave-stones beckon through the twilight and are gone; for every throb of your iron pulse brings one true heart nearer home! Shot and shell have spared him for this hour; fever and pestilence and foul malaria have passed him by; and now—

Suppose there should be an accident! He had heard of such things on these lightning routes. Suppose he should be carried home a dead, mangled corpse, the words of greeting frozen into eternal silence on his lips, the glad light sealed forever under the heavy eyelids! Strange that such morbid fancies should never have assailed him in the fire and smoke of Gettysburg, yet come to him now, like guests that would not be driven away, when he was within twenty minutes of home! Would it break his mother's heart; or would she live on? And would Kate Meriam care?—Kate Meriam, the blue-eyed, shy little fairy, who never would look at him save through her long brown lashes, and whose coy mouth always made him think of scarlet cherries and roses dashed in dew.

"To think!" ejaculated Carll Silver, bringing down his bronzed fist on the window-ledge with a force that made the glass rattle ominously and struck a chill to the heart of the old lady in the bombazine bonnet—"to think that I, who would knock down the man who ventured to tell me I was a coward, should be afraid to say frankly to a little slender girl that I love her! To think that the very touch of her glove, the sound of her footstep, the rustle of her ribbons can frighten my self-possession away, and make a staring, silent idiot of me! After all, what is a man's courage worth? There's no use in thinking of it. I shall die an old bachelor, for I'll never marry any woman but Kate Meriam, and I never shall dare to plead my cause with Kate. I wish I hadn't such an absurd streak of cowardice through me."

Yet Captain Silver's men had told a different tale when he led them over the bridge in that dreadful charge at Antietam. Cowardice! there are several different interpretations to that word.

"Carriage! carriage! No, I *won't* have a carriage. Get away from me you fellows! you're worse than the locusts of Egypt, and ten times as noisy," growled Captain Silver, energetically elbowing his way through the swarms of eager hackmen, who were making night hideous, at the foot of Cortlandt Street. "Do you suppose I'm going to spoil my precious surprise with a *carriage?*"

Broadway by gaslight! How strange, yet how familiar it seemed to the returning exile, with its stately façades of freestone and marble, seeming literally to rest on foundations of quivering fire, and its throngs of people, coming and going in everlasting succession, like the tides of a never-resting sea. Carll Silver's heart leaped up in his breast with a quick, joyous throb at the old accustomed sights and sounds. It was good to feel his footsteps ringing on Manhattanese ground.

No lights in the house! His heart stood still a moment. That was strange—ominous. But then he remembered that his mother was fond of sitting in the twilight, and dismissed the lingering doubt from his mind. How lucky, the door was on the latch and swung noiselessly open.

Hush! not a creaking stair or clanking spur must betray him; through the old familiar hall he passed and into his mother's room, lighted only by the ruddy glimmer of a bright coal fire.

"Where the mischief are they all?" ejaculated Captain Silver under his breath. "No matter—they'll be along soon; meantime I'll wheel this big chair up, and take a bask, for the air's chill if it *is* the first week in May. Won't they be a little astonished, though, when they come in? Upon my word, things couldn't have happened nicer! Faugh! what a smell of paint—whitewash, too, as I'm a living sinner! Confound it, I've kicked over a pail of the stuff! If the women-folks aren't house-cleaning!"

The Captain gave an indignant and contemptuous sniff as he surveyed the desolate scene.

"What comfort a female can find in turning things upside down, and deluging the house with soap and water twice a year, *I* can't imagine. Carpets all up—floors damp—curtains torn down—not one familiar object to greet a fellow's eyes after a twelvemonth's absence from home. Heigh-ho! I think I'll light a cigar."

Which he did, and began to smoke and meditate.

There was a rustle and a tripping footfall on the stairs. The Captain took out his cigar and listened.

"That's Minny," said he to himself. "Mamma doesn't dance up stairs like that."

He rose, and leaned against the door-casing as the dancing feet came nearer and nearer. How his heart beat as the fire-light shone upon a crimson merino dress and a little white apron on the threshold! And the next moment he had caught the slight form in his arms, and was showering kisses on cheek and brow and lips and hair.

"Caught for once, Miss Minny!" he exclaimed. "*That's* to pay you for presuming to clean house without my permission! No, you're not going to escape!"

Such a piercing scream as she rewarded his fraternal demonstrations with! Carll Silver let go her waist, and retreated against the wall with a faint idea of breaking through the lath and plaster, and hiding himself in the general ruin. For, as truly as he stood there quaking in his regimentals, the voice was *not* that of his sister Minny, but—Kate Meriam!

"How dare you!" she ejaculated, with crimson cheeks and quivering lips. "I'll ring the bell and call the servants if you don't leave the house this instant!"

"Upon my word I'm not a burglar or an assassin," pleaded Carll, recovering his self-possession in a measure as he saw Kate's breathless terror. "It was so dark I couldn't see your face, and I thought it was my sister Minny. Don't you know me, Miss Meriam—Captain Silver?"

"You are an impostor," said Kate, with spirit. "Captain Silver is with the Army of the Potomac."

"No, he's not, he's here," urged Carll. "How shall I prove that I'm *myself?* Kate! Miss Meriam—"

For she had sunk into the chair and begun to cry. He knelt beside her with a rough attempt at comfort.

"Kate, you are not sorry to see me back again?"

"No," she sobbed, "only—only I was so frightened!"

The little, trembling, blue-eyed thing! Carll Silver had never seen her in tears before. No shy assumption of dignity now—no royal airs—only brown disheveled hair and cheeks like red-clover blossoms in a shower. *He* was the brave one now—how natural it seemed to clasp the tiny palms in his one strong hand!

"Kate, dearest, I love you! With my whole heart, Kate. Nay, do not be so frightened—I would die to save you one moment's terror! Only tell me that your heart is mine!"

And when the tears were dried, leaving the eyes like drenched violets, and the cheeks flushed brightly, Carll Silver had leave and license to keep *one* little fluttering hand in his, and knew that he was an accepted lover.

"But where are my mother and sister?" he asked at length. "And what is the solution of this strange riddle?"

"Don't you know," laughed Kate, "they do not live here any more?"

"Not live here!"

"No; have you forgotten that yesterday was the 1st of May? *We* occupy this house now—papa, and Aunt Milicent, and I."

"Oho!" quoth Captain Silver. "So they've moved. And I never to hear of it. Upon my word they treat me pretty coolly."

"Ah, but you would have heard of it," said Kate, "if you had stayed quietly in camp to get your letters instead of roving over the country without a word of warning to your friends!"

"Give me one more kiss, Katie, and I'm off to see them. One more, my betrothed wife. Does it not seem like a dream?"

"And you are *my* soldier now," whispered Kate, playing with the gold buttons of his coat with tremulous fingers. "*Mine* to send out into the battle-field to dream of and to pray for. Carll, I have always repined that I had no gift for my country, *now* I can give my best and dearest to aid her cause."

"Spoken like a soldier's wife, Kate," said Silver, with kindling eyes. "If you but knew how much better we rough men fight for knowing that woman's love and woman's prayers enshrine us with a golden, unseen armor—nonsense! I'm getting sentimental. Good-night."

So there were three surprises that May evening—one for Kate Meriam (wouldn't *you* have been surprised, Mademoiselle, to be caught and kissed in the dark, and never know who the kisser was?), one for Captain Silver (a very agreeable one, though), and one—the old original surprise, if we may so term it—for his mother and sister. And Carll has not yet left off congratulating himself that his "leave of absence" happened to fall in the flowery and migratory month of May. For *if* he hadn't blundered into Miss Meriam's house and kissed her by mistake, thereby bringing matters precipitately to a focus, the probabilities are that to this day he never would have mustered courage to tell her of his love.

And when the golden armadas of the autumn leaves float down the forest brooks, and the blue mist of Indian Summer wraps the hills in dreamy light, Carll Silver is coming back to seal Kate Meriam's destiny with a wedding-ring.

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